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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

CONTENTS.

REFLECTIONS: The McKinley Memorial—The Philippine Tariff—Home Rule and Sunday Drinks—The Coronation Embassy—Out in the Cold—A Panama Boom—The Press and the Post Office—With His Friends—The City Beautiful—Directorates For Sale—A Great Fair Scheme—Missouri Politics—The President's Southern Policy—Sprinkling—The Insurance Plight—Soul and Spine.....	1-3
AN IDYLL OF WALL STREET: By Francis A. Huter.....	3
THE CHILD AT PRAYER: Poem. By Katharine Tynan.....	3
CHICAGO AND THE WORLD'S FAIR: By John H. Raftery.....	3-4
SOCIAL FRUITS AT WASHINGTON: By Waldon Fawcett.....	4-5
THE TEST.....	5
GERMANY, ENGLAND AND U. S.: By Ludwig Deutsch.....	5-6
DISAGREEABLE WOMEN IN FICTION: By George French.....	6-7
CARNEGIE HOT-AIR. By W. M. R.	7
THE SPOILS OF CHARITY: By Jelby.....	7-8
LIFE AND DEATH: Poem. By Ernest Crosby	8
THE SIX NOTES OF THE FLUTE: By Marcel Schwab.....	8
MAGDA IN THE SOUTH: Story. By A. S. I.	8-9
MUSIC: Josef Hofmann—The Frohman-Goerlitz Show. By A. C. W.	10-11
SOCIETY.....	11
NEW BOOKS: Brief Reviews.....	12
CITY TROOP.....	13
THEATRICAL: Miss Simplicity—On the Quiet.....	14
THE ITS.....	15-17
COMING ATTRACTIONS.....	17
"THE KASIDAH": By Louise McGaffey.....	18
COMMUNICATIONS: An Author Resents.....	19
REPRINTED BY REQUEST: Opportunity.....	19
THE STOCK MARKET.....	20-21
MEDICINE AND THE POOR.....	24

REFLECTIONS.

The McKinley Memorial

COMPLAINT is made that the millionaires are not contributing as they were expected to contribute to the fund for a McKinley memorial, while the working people are responding liberally in small sums, as are the school children. The friendship of the millionaires as a class for McKinley was one of the most grievous burdens he had to carry through life and they may recognize the fact that a memorial chiefly provided with their money would hurt his post mortem fame. Therefore, the plutocrats do well to keep in the background. As for the workingmen, they are justified in their response to the appeal if there be anything in the McKinley theory that the protective tariff benefits the worker, while the school children may well honor a man of such gentle kindness as the late President. A millionaires' memorial for McKinley,

would be a great mistake, much as they may owe to his services as a statesman.

The Philippine Tariff

THERE is much promise of great oratory in the debate on the Philippine tariff bill, but it is to be hoped the debate will not last long and will not take on such a character from the zeal of the opposition as will induce the Filipinos to begin greater activity in slaughtering American soldiers. This is an important consideration, at this time. There should be no Philippine tariff, but the way to argue that point is not by appealing to the passion of the bolo-wielder, but to the American sense of justice. The Democrats must not make the mistake of again inflaming the insurgents to revolt as hopeless as murderous.

Home Rule and Sunday Drinks

"SUNDAY DRINKS" is the name of the issue in New York City at present. The Seth Low reformers have about reached the conclusion that no Sunday law at all is better than a Sunday law that is generally violated. The most remarkable thing about the issue is the number of able preachers who openly declare in favor of a moderate recognition of the right of the Sunday thirst to a rational slaking. It is surely a good sign of the times when clergymen begin to look upon social questions with so much tolerance for the people who do not care to go to church. Governor Odell, of New York, seems to have made a mistake in his stand against New York City's proposal to regulate its own saloons, regardless of opinion up the State. The Governor is probably a good enough Home Ruler in theory, but in practice he needs the up State vote and the up State voter doesn't believe in open saloons on Sunday, and so New York has to sneak its drinks, which, perhaps, adds a little to the enjoyment of the drink, but which certainly must promote a vile habit of hypocrisy among the citizens. One of the most effective causes of bad municipal government in this country is the system by which the hayseeds in State legislatures tie up cities with laws which the residents of cities cannot change and impose upon cities officials who have no fear of the political resentment of the citizens. If the cities could rule themselves absolutely there would be more frequent cleansings.

The Coronation Embassy

ONCE more the MIRROR wishes to be understood as holding that all the gabble over the embassy to the coronation of Edward VII is uncalled for. The appointment is no more a recognition of the divine right than a cablegram from the President to the Pope on his birthday could be construed as an acceptance of Papal Infallibility. The appointees are as commendable as any other gentlemen would have been. If there is no particular reason why they should have been selected, there doesn't appear to be any particular reason why they shouldn't. They commended themselves to the appointing power. They can and doubtless will perform their duties in the proper manner. They are just the sort of persons who can perform the duties without being more or less absurd. If any statesman or politician had been given the place he would have been killed ere this by the cartoonists. General Wilson and Captain Clark are distinguished enough for the post and yet not open to political attack. Whitelaw Reid is a man of standing and that standing is such that he will not be accused of snobbery in accepting. The young Mr. Morgan and Mr. Wetmore represent, in a way, the social significance of the event and will stand for the Gothamite 400. The fact is that criticism of the embassy is rather in the air. One set of critics

says that we are toadying and that the President should have sent some sturdy Americans whose presence would be a silent rebuke to kings and kingcraft. Another set, represented by the Buffalo Times, thinks, that the embassy isn't good enough for the occasion, that the men are not prominent enough, that the embassy isn't official enough, that "in response to Edward's 'at home' invitation we are sending our card." Between these two extremes of fault-finding the average person must conclude that the appointments are a pretty fair compromise between politeness to a friendly nation and the sturdy Americanist opposition to royalty that we hear so much about. The embassy is not too prominent, just prominent enough; not too official, just official enough.

Out In The Cold

POOR old St. Louis! Rev. C. W. de Lyon Nichols says that the city doesn't possess a single person or family who may be considered as belonging to real fashionable society. This is awful when we think that the town contains more than forty-five millionaires, that there is a St. Louis summer colony at Jamestown, R. I., just over the way from Newport, that there's an Eleusinian coterie of St. Louisans at Dublin, N. H., every summer, and another at Bar Harbor. If St. Louis has no ultra-fashionable society that the Rev. C. W. de Lyon Nichols can discover, what is the matter with the several hundred St. Louisans who are laboring under the delusion that they are among the leading social powers of the country? Can it be that we have no real National character in this community except Colonel Abe Slapsky, discovered, about a dozen years ago, by Charles A. Dana?

A Panama Boom

IT is interesting to watch the spread of public opinion in favor of the Panama canal route, after the public mind had been practically made up in favor of the Nicaragua route. The reason seems to be that the country thinks it's getting a bargain, a canal marked down from \$198,000,000 to \$40,000,000. Then, too, the Isthmian Commission of engineers is regarded as knowing its business. The Commission favors the canal at the reduced price, and the country accepts the recommendation as final. In addition, the public believes that the taking of the de Lesseps ditch will save a great deal of time. So far there has been no talk whatever of "influences" or "inducements" to account for the sudden change of opinion among leading statesmen, which is almost miraculous in view of the readiness of certain elements to impute improper motives for the actions of officials. As matters now stand, it is likely that the Panama project will carry the day with a great rush, and that Senator Morgan will be left almost alone in his fidelity to the Nicaragua scheme.

The Press and The Post-Office

MR. MADDEN, the Third Assistant Post-Master General, is getting a great roasting for his action in denying second-class privileges to a number of newspapers and periodicals which seem to him not to come properly under the newspaper and periodical classification. His course is denounced as an usurpation of judicial authority and as a violation of property rights without due process of law. It is alleged that he has used his power arbitrarily to suppress and practically confiscate many radical papers. But it is noticeable that he is not suppressing papers like the Chicago Public that are dealing out to him the severest sort of criticism, simply because that paper, and others like it, are not violating the postal regulations as he finds them. It is noted, too, that Mr. Madden has reversed himself in several cases in which he has been shown to have been misinformed as to the facts. This does not indicate that pub-

lishers who may be wrongfully treated have no recourse against his "tyranny." Mr. Madden has made some mistakes in construing the postal regulations, but he has shown a willingness to correct them when pointed out to him. There is no doubt that many publishers have been using the mails under false pretenses to work various advertising dodges, and this should be stopped, yet there is some reason to suppose that the Postal Department finds out that the newspaper rate is too low and that the law is possibly being too harshly applied in an endeavor to cut down expenses. The practical solution of this latter difficulty is simple. If the newspaper rate is not high enough, make it higher, and let all the alleged newspapers and periodicals enter the mails without question other than as to their morality. The good papers would survive the added expense. The others would disappear. The people would take the papers they want and they would not be annoyed by a lot of printed stuff sent them too often without their knowledge or consent. Cheap postage has made many cheap and rotten newspapers. Encouragement of education has been the excuse for cheap postage, but newspapers and periodicals are no longer primarily educative and are simply business enterprises which should have no more advantage in the post office than any other business enterprise. Mr. Madden has done the country a service in bringing the newspaper postage question to the front as a public issue. He has called attention to grave abuses, even if he has committed a few abuses in his own zeal for the correction of others.

With His Friends

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is a reformer all right enough, but he is also a practical politician who realizes that the best politics is to stick to the friends he has rather than to try to win over his enemies. Roosevelt will be found to equal Grant in standing by his friends, but he will not come to grief thereby, because he has considerably more of practical political experience than Grant had when he entered the Presidency. Grant got into trouble by his fidelity to unworthy friends. It is not likely that Roosevelt will make that mistake. All of which is apropos the appointment as Postmaster of Kansas City of the man who organized the first Roosevelt club in the United States, six months before the assassination of Mr. McKinley.

The City Beautiful

NEXT Saturday evening a meeting will be held at Y. M. C. A. hall for the organization of a St. Louis branch of the American League for Civic Improvement. A strong and representative committee has the matter in hand and it is confidently expected that from the meeting will emanate an effort that will result in bringing this city to such a state of advancement as will make it worthy of its traditions and of its best citizens. The meeting will be addressed by Mr. Albert Kelsey, of Philadelphia, and Professor Zeublen, of Chicago, both of whom are authorities upon all matters pertaining to the city beautiful, and they will present to such of the public as may attend the meeting a summary of work that has been done elsewhere in this line, as well as some suggestions for new work to be inaugurated here. The movement to be given form at this meeting will have for one prime object the creating and maintaining of a sound public sentiment in favor of that new St. Louis, which it is the intention of the present city Administration to give us before the World's Fair is held. Mayor Wells does not hope to say of St. Louis, as Augustus did of Rome, that he found it of brick and left it of marble, but he does hope to leave his present office with a just pride in saying that he has made the city a better place to live in and a fairer place to look upon. The leading citizens of St. Louis should turn out strong for the meeting next Saturday evening. The event is as important as any that has occurred here in years. It is part of the city's new life. And the success of this movement to make the city's appearance express the city's best life must appeal even to those who want to know of any movement, what's in it for

those who participate in it. There's money in this movement for every person within the city limits. Mr. Charles H. Coffin, writing in the *World's Work*, shows how the City Beautiful is a paying investment. He estimates that the dignity and beauty of Paris are worth about \$200,000,000 per year to the Parisians. "Paris," he says, "caters for the world, and its main store in trade is its beauty, which it keeps on increasing, and the treasures of its works of art. Poor, impoverished Italy, where would she be to-day if it were not for the beauty of her cities, much of it created four and five hundred years ago, on which she is now gathering a dividend of \$90,000,000 annually?" Support of the movement to make St. Louis beautiful must, therefore, be a good business investment, to say nothing of the delight it should be to work for a cause that must make life more agreeable for every dweller in the fourth city of the Union.

Directorates For Sale

THERE are several vacancies in the World's Fair Board of Directors. They are to be filled by the selection of men of financial weight who have steadily fought the Fair, and men who worked like beavers, but haven't got stuff in abundance, are to be frozen out as of yore. The vacancies on the Board of Directors, this would imply, are to be for sale. The men who wouldn't give a dollar or speak a word for the Fair when it was only a possibility, who fought it in bank directories and at the clubs, come in now with coin in their hands and buy honor and place, while men who ran their legs off and raised hundreds of thousands of dollars are shut out.

A Great Fair Scheme

NOTWITHSTANDING announcements, the World's Fair will not be held in 1903. It is possible that Mr. Francis may go as special Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Nations of the earth, by Presidential appointment, to urge the importance of the Fair at every court in Christendom and in the lands of the East. That was considered at Washington last week—a triumphal girdling of the world by Mr. Francis in all possible pomp and panoply. It was consideration of that which induced the dispatches announcing postponement. Mr. Francis listened to the suggestion, at the White House, that he do the globe-circling act instead of a bunch of diplomats. Denials to the contrary notwithstanding, the Fair may have to go over until D. R. F. can visit all the courts with a splendid retinue. And the idea is not a bad one either.

Missouri Politics

MISSOURI Democratic machine-men will not submit the choice for United States Senator to a primary. They are afraid of Champ Clark. They are afraid of everybody and everything. They are afraid that the two Populistic parties will take away enough votes to elect the Republican ticket, and a Republican legislature. There are thirty Legislative districts in which the Democrats have majorities of from only 500 to 50, and the Cardwell revelations and the Rozelle revelations of corporation control of the corporation-baiting State Committee and State Legislature, with the Populist defection, can swing all these districts to the Republicans and give that party the Legislature—if only the pin-head Republicans will organize and quit fighting over cross-roads post offices. The State can be carried by the Republicans by a fight on Democratic election laws and police laws and the lying of the bosses who got money from the corporations they were supposed to be fighting and credited it to other alleged donors. The State can be carried by a fight upon the political decisions of the Supreme Court. It can easily be shown that the Missouri Supreme Court has interpreted the law invariably for Democratic advantage, that there is scarcely less politics in a State Committee than there has been on the Supreme Bench-glaring partisanship in decisions. This fight will be rendered more effective if Mr. de Armond should come out for the Senatorship against Stone, and it is not impossible that de Armond may be in the field within ten days.

He is now considering the matter at Washington. The machine has not yet decided upon nominees for the Supreme Bench. Sherwood has been "rolled," because, as alleged, the railroads are "dissatisfied with his services." If Valliant can carry St. Louis, the country delegates may fall in line for him. Judge Burgess and Judge Woodson seem to have a little the best of the running thus far. Judge Fort is being "frozen" by the committee. The Dockery administration doesn't know where or how it stands as to the Supreme Court candidates. The meeting of the State machine, in St. Louis, last Saturday, was a dismal affair. Every other arm was stiff with a knife up the sleeve and the head men were agreed that they had no hope of holding the State except by the continuance of Republican foolishness in fighting over the Federal offices.

The President's Southern Policy

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is attacked in some quarters for appointing Democrats to office in the South, but the attacks emanate from people who desire to maintain the "rotten borough" system of representation of the Southern States in the National Republican Convention. The evil at which the President is striking has nowhere been better stated than that in *Harper's Weekly* in a paragraph eloquent of dry fact. That paper says that "the Republican organization in every Southern State is in the hands of the Federal office-holders, and these select the delegates to the National Convention. Sometimes the State boss does not take the trouble to call a primary election or to hold a convention; he simply appoints his associates, and offers the whole batch for sale to the highest bidder. An unscrupulous candidate before the Republican National Convention, or his unscrupulous friends, are able to purchase one-third of the members of the Convention. Such a purchase has been made more than once, and the Federal offices throughout the South are now filled by men whose votes as delegates were purchased by the promise of these very offices. It is well known to his friends that ex-Speaker Reed was actually driven into retirement by the revelations which were thrust upon him, in 1896, of the infamous corruption of Southern politics, and the resultant debauchery of National politics. The work of cleaning out the crew has begun, however, and soon the Custom-House, at New Orleans, will be purged. It is as foul a nest as Tammany, and exists for the personal profit of the collector and his subordinates and associates. Among the latter are the regular Democrats, one of the Democratic United States Senators from Louisiana having been placated by the appointment of eight of his relatives to Federal places." The President, therefore, is purifying his own party. Furthermore, he is doing a work that must, eventually, break down Southern prejudice against his party. He is doing a work that leads to relieve the Democratic party in the South of the incubus of bossism. Southern Democratic bosses and machines do not hesitate to use the "niggers" and "carpet-baggers" to keep themselves in power over their party, and yet, whenever any non-machine, anti-boss Democrat arises in protest, the Democratic bosses and machine-men cry out, "would you be ruled by carpet-baggers and niggers!" The whites in the South have been forced to remain Democrats, when their interest or patriotism prompted otherwise, because of the vile character of Republican office-holders and the Democratic bosses have naturally worked to help just such vile Republican adventurers and "buffaloes" into Federal office. The appointment of reputable Democrats by the President is a blow at the vile practices in both parties in the South and a fine example of that high kind of politics which is real statesmanship.

Sprinkling

THE *Globe-Democrat* and *Post-Dispatch* grumble at the increased price of street sprinkling in St. Louis, and shriek about a combine. A contractor tells the MIRROR that the reasons the bids are higher is simply because the contractors will have to do the sprinkling. They took the contracts for less money, under the previous city administration, because they did not sprinkle any more than they

wanted to. Now they know they will have to sprinkle and they want pay for it. The people don't kick about the cost of anything if they get value received.

The Insurance Plight

ST. LOUIS insurance rates are ruinous. They are driving companies out of the State in droves. They are crippling the large manufacturing and storage concerns. They are checking business of all kinds. A very small sum of insurance has to be divided among several small companies where one would formerly take the whole risk. The high rate puts a heavy tax on everybody who carries any insurance and makes matters worse by forcing business men to place their risks with concerns that are not strong enough to pay losses promptly. The condition is an intolerable one. It is folly to ascribe it to the alleged negligence of the Fire Department. It is due to the fool policy of crippling foreign companies by legal restrictions which make them feel that the more business they might do the worse they would be off. The same cry that is raised in St. Louis is raised in Kansas City and that shows that the blame for rates cannot attach to the firemen. The State laws are the trouble, the State laws that are aimed at corporations only to work the real injury to the business public.

Soul and Spine

A SCIENTIST declares that the soul is located in the spine. No use getting excited about the announcement. It is not new. Grover Cleveland proved the fact conclusively during two terms as President, and now Theodore Roosevelt is giving another convincing demonstration of the fact in the same high office.

Little

AN IDYLL OF WALL STREET.

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

WELL, who would have thought it possible! The venerable Russell Sage, our benevolent uncle, he of the puts and calls, indulging in ungallant, unparliamentary language, and all on account of a woman. It is another one of those surprises that really surprise, and one that contributes to the gayety of Wall street. After an honest study of the facts, however, one cannot but sympathize a little with the old man, whose idyllic life, in the vicinity of the stock exchange, has been so rudely and romantically disturbed. Here is an octogenarian, trying to please everybody, as long as it does not cost anything, always keeping on the windy side of the law (in financial matters at least,) and satisfying himself with squeezing the shekels out of his neighbors in put and call transactions, only once in a while loaning out his money at none too modest rates. He is a peaceable, law-abiding citizen. Now, why is it that a woman, of pernicious activity and disposition, will not give this nice old man a rest and let by-gones be by-gones? Why is it that she will persist in reminding him, with a \$75,000 damage suit, of his fool-days, of the days, when he, a sprightly, gay young man, of sixty-five, permitted himself the luxury of a "personal attack" on a woman of aggressive character and provoking youth? Nobody likes such reminders, and it is no wonder that the octogenarian lost his temper, experienced a rush of blood to his old head, and peevishly exclaimed that women are "the devil's own." Such an experience in old age is enough to jar anybody.

They said, a few days ago, that Uncle Sage blushed, when he was asked about the "personal attack" and the nature of the woman's calls at his office in the long ago. To think that such an old man can still blush at the mentioning of matters of this kind! This shows, of course, that Russell has an innate delicacy of feeling and can still regret the indiscretions of his giddy youth when somebody reminds him of former days. Yes, those good old days, when the world looked brighter, stocks were cheaper and women were prettier and also more tractable! "Where are the lovers of yesterday?" asked the impossibly

romantic Villon in Mr. McCarthy's play. They have vanished from our existence, or come back with fat damage suits, on the ancient plea: "On revient toujours a son premier amour." Love will have his wilful way with a man and a maid even in the materialistic purlieus of Wall street. Ah yes, the stock ticker, now and then, reels off ballades, triolets, rondeaux between the quotations of Missouri Pacific and Nypano.

Why is it that woman has such a fancy for damage suits and for elderly young men, with lots of money? Man never thinks of suits of this character. He loves and wants to be loved, and does not bother himself with ulterior purposes of a most base and selfish nature. After things have cooled off, or after another charmer has loomed up on the horizon, he does not hesitate to take French leave, or to offer a more or less substantial compensation, in order to keep matters smooth and protect his rear. He then imagines that everything has been arranged and is again lovely and serene. The former flame marries, is reputed to be unusually happy with a magnificent ruin of masculinity, and at last finds herself a lonely, yet interesting widow, on the look-out for another victim.

In the meanwhile, however, physical charms are slowly disappearing and admirers likewise. Things, so the interesting widow learns, are not what they used to be. There is too much, and very formidable, competition in Vanity Fair. And this being the case, what can she do but return to old friends, who may, possibly, be willing to renew old, pleasant relationships and bathe in peace and smooth the wrinkles on her white forehead? A friend is like good wine,—the older, the better.

That is what the Marchioness d'Ajuria thought, when she endeavored to win the warm side of Russell Sage again, after a very respectable lapse of years. She claims that her former impetuous admirer made her all sorts of promises when she called at his office. But none of these promises were kept. And the old man says that the woman is lying; that she called at his office for the purpose of joining him in the exhilarating game of puts and calls, and nothing else, and that everything was "straight." He also alleges that she lost and that she, naturally, got mad. Who would not get mad, under such circumstances? But she declares that she remembers other things, besides puts and calls; that the said Sage made a "personal attack" on her, many years ago, and that they did not talk business at all at that time, but talked about something else, and that something else is left to the imagination of the audience. The famous "bear" must have had at least one delirious "bull" moment. Wherefore, she prays the court to award her \$75,000, as a balm for her crushed, lacerated heart, and as a punishment upon the flint-hearted, "horrid old thing," who has "gone back" on his old friends and refused to disgorge upon demand. And there the matter rests.

Our Uncle Russell Sage, in the meanwhile, continues to blush and look uneasily at his spouse whom he long since told that this affair was dead and done with. He had thought himself safe all along and believed that the dead past had buried its dead. But a discarded, disgruntled and disagreeable old flame cannot be extinguished so easily. She comes back as surely as a drop follows a boom and vice versa. She is the specter that haunts us in our old days, just as a forced dividend is bound to be discerned in the annual report, and converts existence into one, big round misery and agony though it has the tang of mixing sentiment with matters strictly business. Well may Uncle Russell curse the follies of the past, the rash indiscretions and indiscriminate promises extorted from him, when, a mere youth of sixty-five, he did not know better and was deprived of his reasoning powers in the ecstasy of the moment. He went "daffy" on the market just once. Beware of puts and calls on Love's Exchange, gentlemen of the ticker! They put you into wretchedness and call for fat amounts of pelf, when you could use the money to much better advantage in the stock market. There's always a settling day and no "wash" sales go. Some fellow, like Abe Hummel, who has a queer faculty of getting suits by ladies against old lads

with the "dough," comes around with a dapperly, unctuous smile, uttering maddening platitudes about the foolishness of love and the *katzenjammer* that follows it. He has made a specialty of these *affaires d'amour*, and he needs the money besides. He knows how to try the case in the newspapers and make the whole public the jury. He is the Nemesis of forgetting and close-fisted "lovers" of means, but a most honorable man. Uncle Russell may well refer to his former Dulcinea as the "devil's own."

He has been so uncommonly successful in puts and calls, and never lost a cent on them until this woman obtruded herself upon him, bewitched him and muddled his senses, assisted by the smirky Mr. Hummel. Yet, after all, there should be some satisfaction for Uncle Russ in the fact that his former "friend" puts so high a value upon him and upon "that personal attack." It must have been vigorous. There is soothing balm in this, and our octogenarian avuncular relative should behave as a gentle man would, under circumstances of this kind, and show his gallant appreciation by planking down the sum demanded without flinching and without remorse. It is bad policy to argue about matters of this kind, and to haggle about the amount. The old boy has got the money and can afford to be a little liberal to an old love and, besides, there is "Abe" Hummel waiting for his fee. Abe must have fees to pose as the Joe Choate of the Tenderloin.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

A BABY to a Baby prays.

Oh Infant Jesus, meek and mild,
From 'mid the glory and the rays
Look on a little child.

As one child to Another may,
He talks without a thought of fear,
Commending to a Child to-day
All that a child holds dear:

His father, mother, brother, nurse,
His cat, his dog, his bird, his toys,
Things that make up the universe
Of darling girls and boys.

All sheep and horses, lambs and cows,
He counts them o'er, a motley crew,
And children in the neighbor's house,
And all the people too.

His friends, why all the world's his friend,
This four-years darling, golden-curl'd.
'Tis long before it has an end,
The bed-roll of his world.

A child lifts up his little hands
Unto a Child; and it may be
The Host of Heaven at gazing stands
That tender sight to see.

The Spectator.

CHICAGO AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

NOTICE that a St. Louis newspaper has been throwing fits because another has dared to copy from a Chicago paper a page of pictures and reading matter debating the question whether St. Louis, under the existing state of its preparations, can open the World's Fair next year upon the date set by Congress. The same paper goes on to accuse Chicago and the daily press thereof of a mean, vindictive and lying disposition to "knock" St. Louis and the Fair, and proceeds to show that the esteemed contemporary which has the hardihood to so much as raise a question about the feasibility of a single announced plan, is guilty of *lese majeste* and should be forthwith fixed in the stocks of civic contumely.

The Mirror

Now, I take it that a disposition in individuals or institutions to believe that "the world is against me," is an indication of that hypersensitive conceit which men of bowels have called "lady-like cowardice." I don't believe it is a St. Louis quality or tendency, but I would suggest that the surest way to convince the outside world that your town is small, narrow and of hesitant purpose is to emit in the public prints what may seem to disinterested readers as a pusillanimous "squeal." As a matter of history, no city in America has undergone such an amount of ridicule, abuse and criticism in the newspapers of the world as Chicago. If proof is needed go back into the old files of the St. Louis papers for a whole library of jokes, cartoons, excoriations, editorial invectives, unfounded diatribes against the Windy City. Its river, its streets, its mushroom growth, its drainage canal, its World's Fair—till now the most incomparably splendid the world has known—were stock in trade for every pencil-pusher, punster and paragrapher in the newspaper business.

Nor has Chicago ever quit poking fun at herself. She has laughed and now the world laughs with—not at—her. Her own press has reeked with truth about her own foulness and her skirts have been dusted with the cat-o'-nine-tails of self-criticism till all men have come to admit that "Chicago is onto herself." During the preparatory months of the Columbian Exposition the Chicago newspapers vied with one another in searching out and exploiting the rows, cabals, rivalries, scandals, blunders and insufficiencies of their own great enterprise. Columns of justified boasting paralleled by columns of Titanic wallops, daily greeted the interested readers, not only of Chicago, but of the whole country. Nobody "squealed." It made good reading and directly the world knew that Chicago was in the throes of world's fair travail, and looked eagerly for the product of so much laborious agony. The critics, the lampoonists, the knockers, the calamity howlers then came "for to see" and, having seen, agreed that Chicago had "made good."

It won't hurt St. Louis to get onto herself. The worst stiff in the list is the man who takes himself too seriously. Look at Philadelphia; look at the Boston of ten years ago; look at Three Oaks Michigan! Look at Ferguson, Missouri! But this is all by the way, for as I read, no big paper in this country is having any fun with St. Louis except the New York *Sun* and the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* and it's such a mild, intermittent kind of fun that I'm afraid it isn't attracting much attention. The great Chicago papers are regarding the Louisiana Purchase celebration and St. Louis World's Fair undertaking with a respect almost amounting to awe. It would be almost ominous except for the occasional dash of editorial drollery that gives savor to the columns of praise, pictures and favorable publicity which appear daily in the Chicago press.

That full-page in the Chicago *Tribune*, "Will the St. Louis World's Fair be ready May 1st, 1903?" which seemed to get under the hide of some St. Louis people, went into the hands of more than 100,000 people, many of whom, it is fair to suppose, had not noticed that St. Louis was to have an international exposition. There wasn't a word of roast or ridicule in it. The *Tribune* sent its own correspondent to St. Louis and he gathered and printed, without color or prejudice, the facts about the project as he found it. If there were any mistakes in it they were neither malicious nor considerable. The result was a whole page of free advertising for the Fair in one of the biggest and best newspapers in the world.

Since the first of this year, for instance, the Chicago daily papers alone have printed over fifty columns of matter about the St. Louis World's Fair and of that space not more than three-fourths of one column was devoted to the merry jest of the genial editor. Thus far the post-holes, the recurrent banquets and the "Skinker" road have yielded but meager fare for the joke-makers. Yet stay—one inspired demon *did* wander into the realm of airy persiflage by writing: "With the announcement of a proposed aerial tournament and aerostatic congress at the St. Louis World's Fair, must we infer that all of its plans are up in the air?" That was the most unkindest cut of all, but cheer up! The

Tribune to-day has a whole half-page of serious reading matter and fine pictures devoted to exploitation of St. Louis' promised aerial races and exhibits. The *Record-Herald*, the *Chronicle*, the *American*, and the *Inter-Ocean*, to-day glittering with fine photographs and good news about your Fair, could scare up only one little, measly, three-line "rap" between them. Don't shoot! Here it is:

"St. Louis can, of course, hold its World's Fair next year or any year it pleases, but the question is, can it hold its Congressional appropriation?"

Is that a "knock," really? Hanged if I know, but if it is it will have done good when the knocker finds out, as he will, that St. Louis can not only get her appropriations, her Exposition and her full meed of world-success, but that she can get onto herself without the aid of a borrowed derrick and a few alien skids.

And, "anyhow," as Bobbie Gaylor used to say, "there is going to be a lot o' fun at the Fair." It isn't going to be all solemn, is it?



SOCIAL FEUDS AT WASHINGTON.

BY WALDON FAWCETT.

NOT in many years has official society in the Nation's Capital been involved in such a tangle as at present. It required all the remarkable tact of the late President McKinley to preserve even the appearance of peace in the big official colony, and then his success was but partial. Most of the trouble arises from questions of precedence.

When Congress changed the order of succession to the Presidency some years ago there was a kaleidoscopic shifting of social positions, the beauty of which failed to commend itself to certain of the shifted. In fact some of the dignitaries who have been reduced in rank have declined to accept the new order of things, and as the officials who were advanced strenuously demand all the honors and social emoluments of their newly gained positions, there is a perennial and fertile source of bickerings right there. The action of the principal European powers in raising the rank of their envoys, in Washington, to that of ambassador infused still another element into the many-sided struggle, and, finally, to still further complicate matters, the recent expansion of American Governmental interests has necessitated the creation of numerous new posts, the occupants of which do not propose to allow the filching of any of their social laurels.

All this has brought up again the demand for a social arbiter of officialdom. Every European court has such an official. He is known as the Grand Chamberlain or Master of Ceremonies. He is a recognized authority on all points of official and social etiquette, and his decision is accepted as final. The man who should attempt such a role at Washington would need to possess a detailed knowledge of official etiquette in all the principal nations of the world. His knowledge of social customs would have to be absolute; he would be obliged to know the ins and outs of Washington society to a T—all its feuds, antipathies and quarrels, both political and personal—and he must be a man of infinite tact. And if such a man could be found and persuaded to undertake the office he would probably gain such obloquy, contempt and hatred as could hardly be paralleled in history. The warring ladies of officialdom would attend to that. Nevertheless, there is a growing belief among the leaders of Washington society that only the appointment of an absolute arbiter can avert swift social chaos, and there is a constantly accumulating list of problems for him to solve as soon as he shall assume the wand of power.

The responsibility for many of the worst complications lies at the doors of the accredited representatives of foreign governments at the American Capital. When Mexico raised the rank of her envoy at Washington to that of ambassador the diplomat was treated with decided coolness by his ambassadorial colleagues. The alleged cause was some infringement of diplomatic privileges by the Mexican diplomat, but there was suspicion in many quarters that the

treatment was designed as a protest against the presumption of a republic in creating ambassadors who are supposed to be the personal representatives of monarchs.

Until within the past year Austria maintained no diplomatic relations with Mexico, and, in fact, did not recognize the existence of the republic. This led to many troublous incidents in Washington and, indirectly, to the most sensational episode which ever occurred at a social gathering at the White House. The Mexican ambassador and the Austrian minister and his wife chanced to be guests at a State dinner, tendered by the President, and a blundering official assigned the Mexican envoy to escort to dinner the wife of his Austrian colleague. The representative of Mexico hesitated, but finally went up and offered his arm to the lady. She abruptly turned her back upon him, walked over to a chair and seated herself. When remonstrance was made she said:

"For me there is no such nation as Mexico. We do not officially admit its existence or that of its representative. It is an insult to ask me to go with a person who does not exist."

The matter was hastily amended by a readjustment of the table.

Not infrequently, too, personal quarrels have figured in official entertaining. The Mexican and Belgian governments are on entirely friendly terms and regularly maintained diplomatic relations, but the former Belgian minister at Washington, who has just been recalled, conceived a dislike for the Mexican ambassador, and refused to attend any social function at which the latter was to be present. Occasionally a social blunder has its humorous side, as when at a White House reception some wag, noting the approach of the British ambassador at the head of the line of departing guests, instructed the colored man who was summoning the carriages to call for the Irish ambassador's carriage, a command which was sung out in stentorian tones to the amusement of the vast concourse of people who lined the street.

When a dinner is to be given at which a number of diplomats are to be guests there usually precedes it a correspondence as voluminous as that of a business house in order to insure for the various guests positions at the table in accordance with their rank and position. Several times American women, ignorant of diplomatic usage, have so transgressed official etiquette that international complications were narrowly averted. Not long since a hostess who had just taken up her residence in Washington and was entertaining her first dinner party of official folk, realized after the guests had assembled that she was wholly ignorant of intricacies of social precedence as governed by official rank. There was but one way out of it. The hostess boldly took the bull by the horns.

"I haven't the faintest idea of how you ought to go into dinner," she announced. "But those of you who wish anything to eat had better get in some way or the things will be spoiled."

In nine cases out of ten there would have been present some finicky stickler for the proprieties who would have felt bound to consider himself offended by such informality, but fortunately all the guests of this occasion were possessed of a saving sense of humor. They flocked into the dining-room, took such seats as were most convenient, and the dinner was a brilliant success.

One of the social tangles growing out of the alteration of the law regarding the succession to the Presidency is found in the squabble which has been in progress, during recent years, as to the relative positions of the President *pro tempore* of the United States Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. When at the first dinner at the White House, following the death of Vice-President Hobart, President McKinley gave the place of honor to Senator Frye, the president *pro tempore* of the Senate. Speaker Henderson, of the House of Representatives, was highly displeased, and he has since declined to attend any dinner unless assured in advance that he will be accorded the place of honor.

The feud between General Miles and General Corbin, together with their respective partisans, has been reflected

in the social drama at Washington in a very noticeable manner, as has, also, the animosity existing between the adherents of Admiral Schley and Admiral Sampson. Tempers were ruffled, during the winter of 1900-1901, in consequence of the rivalry for pre-eminent social position existing between the wives of Admiral Dewey and General Miles. The matter was finally settled—in as great a degree as any of these social struggles ever can be settled—by the decision that, in as much as the War Department was established prior to the Navy Department, the General commanding the army was entitled to precedence over the Admiral of the navy at official functions. When the men are entertained as individuals, however, Admiral Dewey, being of superior rank, takes precedence.

Famous feuds in Congress have almost invariably been reflected in the social realm at Washington. One of the requisites of success in public life at the National Capital is supposed to be found in the ability to drop politics upon entering a drawing room, but the rule is not always observed. The effect of a bitter hostility, such as that which existed, for instance, between Conkling and Blaine, is invariably felt in social circles, and in cases where, as in that cited, the political duelists neither speak nor recognize the existence of each other, considerable tact is necessary by the host at any function at which both chance to be present.

Not infrequently public men are made to suffer the consequences of social quarrels precipitated by the women of their respective families. From such a source sprang the bitter fight which Governor Tanner, of Illinois, made against the election of Senator Cullom. The Governor's hatred was caused by a slight placed upon his wife by Mrs. Cullom, who was reported to have declared that Mrs. Tanner, as the daughter of a horse-trader and auctioneer, was "socially impossible." For years there waged a feud between Mrs. Merriam, whose husband is now Director of the Census, and Mrs. Cushman K. Davis. When Senator Davis accorded support to Mr. Merriam's candidacy for the position he now holds, a truce was patched up between the two men and the reconciliation was supposed to extend to the ladies of the households, but whether it actually did so or not has always remained an open question.

One of the most notable of all social tangles was precipitated, a few years ago, by the refusal of Lord Pauncefote, the British ambassador and dean of the diplomatic corps, to call upon the Vice-President. He claimed that he was not only the official representative of his government, but also the personal representative of his sovereign, and as such was entitled to rank directly after the President. Vice-President Stevenson was a good-natured man and allowed the ambassador to have his way, but when Garrett A. Hobart assumed the office he stood out for his rights. The matter was eventually referred to the British foreign office, which held that the Vice-President was to be regarded as the heir to the Presidency, and thus of the same rank as a crown prince, and consequently Lord Pauncefote received an intimation from his home government that he had best call upon the Vice-President. *Kansas City Star.*

THE TEST.

HE watched her arranging the violets in the big Kakiri bowl. She looked so very pretty, and yet she must be told. Lighting a cigarette, he braced himself for the telling. As he tossed the match in the direction of the blazing fire, she came toward him, holding in her hand a few of the purple flowers.

"For you," she said, simply, and pressed close to his side as she put them in his buttonhole.

After that she bent and kissed him, slowly and deliberately.

He sat transfixed. In all their platonic her lips had never before touched his.

Ere he could recover himself she kissed him again.

Not a word nor a caress accompanied either kiss. They stood out against a background of utter incomprehensibility.

Then she walked over by the fire. He looked anxiously after her.

She faced about, and he saw that her lips were moving slightly, while her eyes had a far-off gaze.

At last she spoke.

"You can marry her!"

There was a pause—she seemed to be indulging in further meditation—and then—

"Yes, you can marry her. I don't care at all. You see, I kissed you on purpose. I did it twice to make sure, and I didn't feel even the faintest quiver either time. I was very careful and tasted each kiss thoroughly, and I know now that—that you can marry her."

He rose, his form and his rage towering together. What man could be calm on learning that his lips possess no power to thrill?

"Good-bye," he said, putting out his hand.

"Good-bye," she answered, smiling.

He went out, and the door closed behind him.

She stood where he left her, banding her clasped fingers across her eyes. The sunlight streamed in between the window arches and shot a ray of glory over the violets, the woman and the woman's yellow hair. It caused the diamonds on her hand to sparkle brilliantly, and something on her cheek shone too.

"Dear heaven!" she murmured, softly, "what must it be to have him do the kissing!"

Town Topics.

GERMANY, ENGLAND AND U. S.

BY LUDWIG DEUTSCH.

WE hear a great deal too much in this country of the sort of stuff written by Alfred Austin about brothers of one blood, hands across the sea, the Anglo-American alliance, etc. In the first place this is not an Anglo-Saxon nation. It is a sort of ragout of all nations. In the second place the people generally distrust, if they do not dislike, England, politically; that is, without personally disliking the Englishman. The story of the Revolution and of 1812 is not forgotten, and it will not be for some centuries. Our Government and our press may exchange compliments as profuse as may be, but the veriest tyro in politics, if he will but reflect, will acknowledge that nothing is so well calculated to damn a policy in this country as evidence, or even suspicion, that the policy is favorable to Great Britain. The banishment of Sackville West for approving of Cleveland's policies was convincing proof of this. No large element in this country is devoted to worship of England. The people generally are not Anglophobiacs, but they don't believe in British friendship, to the extent of favoring any alliance with Great Britain.

There is no more friendship in England for the United States. Mr. Kipling is a more representative Britisher than Mr. Alfred Austin, and the Yankee, to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, is contemptible when not amusing. The English masses are not favorable to the United States. They showed this many times during our war with Spain, just as they showed it,—the majority of them—during the War of Secession. Of all the foreigners who come to this country the least adaptable and malleable is the Britisher, and a greater percentage of Englishmen than of any other nationality refuses to take out naturalization papers.

Many points there are of sympathetic contact between Britishers and Yankees, like common speech, kindred institutions, etc., but there is an antipathy, generally speaking, that cannot be eradicated, or, at least, has not been eradicated, in more than one hundred and twenty-five years. This hostility is not due to the Irish leaven in this country. It is due to an innate feeling that, all superficialities to the contrary, there is a fundamental, essential conflict between the interests of the two nations and the principles of the two governments. It may be said that Great Britain has made many concessions to this country of late, but the answer to that is that the concessions were forced by fear rather than prompted by love. The most careless student of recent history must know this, from the Venezuela in-

cident to the acceptance of our amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Great Britain is in desperate straits in South Africa, and has been in desperate straits in commerce for some time. For some years the English have been worried by the rise of Germany's commercial strength. Germany was beating England in the struggle for markets. Now comes the United States with its new expansion and beats both of them, or threatens to do so, in this struggle for markets. Great Britain's military and commercial supremacy are apparently in simultaneous decline. There is, in fact, no doubt about the matter. English poets, journalists, statesmen—all are agreed that the Empire is in a bad way.

What more natural than that England should try to set by the ears Germany and the United States? That has been attempted for some years. The English tried to make us believe Germany opposed us in the Spanish war. Fabrications from London tried to stir up anti-German spirit against Admiral von Diederichs at Manila. All our news comes from London and all the news is colored to make it appear that every nation is our enemy except England. Every nation is against England. The argument insinuated is that if every nation is against England and also against the United States, the United States and England should stand together. But the English are persistent in telling us that we must watch Germany, that Germany has designs upon us, that, in short, we had better cuddle up to Great Britain and protect ourselves from the Teutonic bugaboo. The thing is being somewhat overdone and it is time for the Yankees to see that they are not used as catspaws for the Britishers.

The *Saturday Review* is, after the *London Times*, the most typical British publication. It is professedly hostile to Americans, while the *Times* is whatever the ministry wants it to be. The *Saturday Review*, however, takes a peculiar course in this matter of stirring up hatred between the United States and Germany. It continues to insist that Germany has designs upon the Monroe Doctrine, that Germany is intriguing in South America against this country's paramountcy on this continent. Every other publication in Great Britain either believes, or affects to believe, the same thing, or else the non-believing journals write ponderous articles expressive of the "hope" that Germany is not intriguing against the United States. The result is that, in some quarters in this country, there is a disposition to believe that where there is smoke there is fire, and there is a growing distrust of Germany. London gives an anti-German tinge to everything it sends us in the way of news, and for two or three years the cry has been that Germany has been undermining this country in South America. This is a warning that we had better keep out of the East and guard ourselves at home. It is the "friendly" warning of one whose motives of friendliness are suspicious. The *Saturday Review*, frankly Yankee-phobic, has now taken a new tack in its attempt to create the impression that the United States is in danger from Germany. That tack is elaborate argument that England's best interests lie in the furtherance of alleged movements against this country by Germany in South America. It is not clear that Germany has any interests in South America, or either America, except the fact that there are German colonists in Brazil and Argentina and that Venezuela owes Germany money which it can't or won't pay, but it is clear that England has great South American interests which, that country fears, may be endangered by Yankee progress. England also fears for Canada. Therefore, England wants us to believe that Germany is our enemy. The best way to make us believe it is to make us believe that England's interests lie with Germany. The *Saturday Review* believes that our hatred of England will make us hate Germany the more if England approves Germany. The Yankee-lovers in Great Britain try to lure us into hatred of Germany by professing to warn us. The Yankee-haters think that they can best infuriate us against Germany by encouraging Germany in alleged designs upon the Monroe Doctrine. As the darkey said of the coon trap, "it's to catch us a comin' and a goin'."

The *Saturday Review* insists that the greatest political problem of the new century is the fate of South America. The destiny of the world will hinge ultimately upon Russia, the United States and the British Nation. Great Britain's attitude to one or both must depend upon the view taken of the South American Republics. The next best thing to a consolidated South American monarchy, the *Saturday Review* believes, would be the creation of a union among the republics. They are, however, jealous of one another and united only in jealousy of the great republic of the North. The wisest policy for England would be "to encourage the advance of Germany in the New World as a most useful counterpoise to an overwhelming predominance of the United States." The *Saturday Review* then becomes more specific in its declaration of hostility.

"The presence of the Germans," it says, "in South America, tends to redress the balance of the New World and save our Empire from a grave menace. With a strong European Power in the South and a great World Power in the North the too exuberant aspirations of Pan-Americanism would be checked; at present they bid fair to range at their will. Central America is already looked upon by American Imperialists as their own, and these views are encouraged by their Government, for a 'Bureau of American Information' exists at Washington where every detail regarding the South American States is recorded and published in a monthly bulletin. The feeble surrender of our Clayton-Bulwer rights has knocked away the last barrier to the unlimited progress of the North Americans in the central regions. With Cuba and Porto Rico in their hands as well as an inter-oceanic canal, the Caribbean Sea will become an American lake. Without extrinsic opposition the progress southwards of this 'immense country' will be inevitable by all the teaching of history. The presence of weak but turbulent States on the frontier will mean, as it has always meant, continuous and inevitable advance. Were the Spanish-American countries ever to pass under Northern control, as has Ecuador already, in a financial sense, it would mean the imposition of tariffs against all foreign competitors and the capture by the United States of the whole of the South American trade. This indeed was the avowed object of the United States Imperialists at the Pan-American Congress, the formation of a 'New World Zollverein in the two Americas.'"

The logic of non-European interference, the paper goes on to assert, involves, inevitably, the transfer of Canada to the United States, and, probably, the dream goes farther, as in the case of Mr. W. T. Stead's idea that there shall be an English speaking world-circling Republic with headquarters in Washington. The British Islands, even, will be annexed and absorbed.

The argument of the Tory sheet is ultra-British, and, at the same time, pro-German. Could anything be better designed to madden Americans against Germany? The article is a masterpiece of trickery in that regard. Its very anti-Yankee spirit helps its purpose. Yankee distrust and dislike of England is dextrously appealed to in order to arouse resentment against Germany. The scree flatters all the Yankee jingoes by seemingly assailing them. It is an insidious appeal to the protection sentiment of the country. It hints peril to the Monroe Doctrine. Written in support of Germany's imaginary designs and against United States jingoism, it actually bolsters up the latter and attacks the former.

The case being as described, I venture to think that the incident of the Kaiser's asking Miss Roosevelt to christen his new yacht, and the incidental visit of the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, to this country seems none too soon to prevent a further spread of the ill-feeling generated by England, between Germany and the United States. If I am not mistaken the incident referred to will madden the English more than anything that has occurred in the last thirty years, for if it shall have any effect at all, outside of mere exchange of formal courtesies, that effect must be to convince both Germany and the United States that they have no reason for suspicion of one another. The Kaiser appears to have led a trump card

against England's attempts to inflame this country against Germany.

DISAGREEABLE WOMEN IN FICTION.

BY GEORGE FRENCH.

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL has laid his readers under no new obligation by his latest novel, "Circumstance," but he has joined the small company of writers who have injudiciously persisted in exploiting unlovely women. If there is one basic principle novelists cannot with impunity ignore, it is that their women must be attractive—not necessarily beautiful, nor yet necessarily good. But this woman, around whom Dr. Mitchell has written this novel, is not good, nor attractive, nor beautiful. She is nasty—no more, no less. She is not real. She rises to prominence through the smooth working of forces which are assisted by transparent devices of the author, and she is finally brought to grief by means which require not only the same factitious aid, but a compliant temper upon her own part that is foreign to the estimate of her that the author has strenuously, but rather ineffectively, insisted upon. We realize the type of woman Dr. Mitchell endeavors to portray, but we realize her more perfectly through a very conscious effort of our own imagination, or, possibly, through the memory of acrid experience, than we do from the development of the study and the story.

The story is a good story, mostly. It approaches rather more nearly to the high mark of the real novel than Dr. Mitchell's other books have. Its chief defect is the very element intended to give it distinction. *Mrs. Hunter* is so foreign to the whole tale as to disrupt the motive and distract the reader. For this reason this disagreeable woman, in this novel, is more prominent than she ought to be, and probably more prominent than the author designed her to be. She is bunglingly conceived and awkwardly developed. She is too foreign to the life she is forced into, and there is a too evident effort to free good society of all onus, and all sympathy with her. The whole fabric of the book falls apart when we discover that it is not a type Dr. Mitchell is exhibiting, but essentially a strange and unreal exception. A book need not be written to condemn one degenerate. If there be a lesson in the book, it lies in the supposition that the society treated is infected with the poison of unscrupulous women like *Mrs. Hunter*. But Dr. Mitchell's *Mrs. Hunter* is as foreign to the society he forces her into as she is to artistic veracity. She is turned into a Mexican, at the last, to free the skirts of the high society she exploited from the responsibility of belonging to the same race, and, apparently, to make of her a still greater anomaly. It is impossible not to sympathize with her, as she is. Dr. Mitchell did not intend that she should be admirable at all, and she assuredly is not—not even as a bold adventuress. But she does not arouse the contempt of the reader to the extent the author evidently intended, for the reason that her career was made too easy and obvious. If *Mary Fairthorne* and *Margaret Swanwick* had lived up to Dr. Mitchell's conception of their characters there would have been no opening with old *John Fairthorne* for the astute and patient *Mrs. Hunter*. The force of her character and her opportunities for mischief depended upon the lacks and lapses of the good people. That is the way openings are ever made for Satan, to be sure, but we are quite certain to look well to the door-fastenings when we notice suspicious characters about. In this case, all the *Fairthorne* family strongly suspected *Mrs. Hunter* and trembled for the old sheep in the fold, yet never made the slightest attempt to protect him by closing the door on the wolf or by check-mating her game. As fast as she moved forward they retreated. No effort was made to win the doddering old man. He was left to the wiles of the woman, and, being once more a lamb, he succumbed. A little effort and a little guile, borrowed from the interloper, would have driven her bootless away. But we might ignore or condone many artistic defects; we might be resigned to give the superb

Mary to the colorless *Dr. Archer* instead of to the fine *John Pilgrim*, in the interests of the sham morality of the set they belonged to; we might consign *Snellwood* to life-long celibacy without a sigh, and consent to let the money-kings, *Grace*, loll in the lap of the aerated affection of his colorless, elderly *Clementina*—if only Dr. Mitchell had made his disagreeable woman consistent and taken her from the society she must in real life have sprung from.

The book is a disagreeable book, because it is fustian; the evil woman in it is more disagreeable because she is archaic and inconsistent and abortive than because her mind is evil and her purpose base. The book plays up to those society people who believe themselves to be not only the salt of the earth, but the substance that requires the salt; it is exceedingly tender of their foibles and reads their virtues in large type.

A more successful attempt to treat of a disagreeable woman in fiction is Judge Robert Grant's "Unleavened Bread," in which the fortunes of *Selma White* are wrought out in an almost perfect literary manner. Though the reader conceives a vast disgust for this woman, he cannot fail to feel his admiration for the author expand and expand to the end. And the end is not a great crash and then oblivion, as is the case with Dr. Mitchell. This disagreeable woman is also shrewd and heartless, but she attains the material ends she seeks. The moral of the story is as subtle as is the literary form, and we are left to evolve the fate of the soulless woman from the tendencies of the book; and we are also set to thinking about some of the modern tendencies that are working to prevent and corrupt the lighter and less considerate womanhood of our times. *Selma White* had the disgusting itch for publicity that sometimes attacks women, and to be able to pose as a public woman she sacrificed two good men, numerous friends, and her better self. But the banquet of husks was not denied her; the book leaves her with it in plain view, though she had not been summoned to it.

This book is pitiless, from the title to the colophon, and it is a strong and impregnable piece of literary work. It has had a fairly good sale, but it is not popular, and never can be. Women—most women—hate it instinctively; if one approves she has to force the approval from her intellect and ignore her heart. To read it induces no glow in the heart of the male. He chuckles often, exclaims, "Gad, I know her," swears some, but finally puts it away with a sigh, and an unexpressed hope that his wife will not force him to discuss it, nor his children read it.

In classical literature, ancient or modern, it strikes me there are no disagreeable women employed as motifs; I cannot recall one instance. There are hordes of evil women in literature, to be sure, but they are not merely disagreeable, and their very faults are made to lend distinction to their careers and to the books they pervade, as well as to foil more admirable motives. We can endure a *Borgia*, a *Lady Macbeth*, a *Becky Sharp*, a *Lady Dedlock*, and even the unlovely skirted females of Mr. Hall Caine, better than we can such a negation as *Mrs. Hunter*, or such personified sinisterness as *Selma White*. We know well that women do go wrong, many of them in many ways; but we also know that it will not do for us to believe that there is a wrong tendency in woman, and our wills must ever combat every temptation to indulge such a belief. It is not the office of literature to exalt or to accentuate unusual instances or traits with the intention to accredit them to the normal or to treat them as indicative. People believe this. The coldness with which books that exalt a disagreeable woman are received is evidence enough that they go against the moral and æsthetic grain, that they will not be tolerated. The real feminine scoffs at Judge Grant and scorns Dr. Mitchell, without considering why she scoffs and scorns. The genuine masculine reads them unblinkingly, but with much the same spirit he would invoke if he were called upon to witness a surgical operation or serve upon a jury in a capital case. A fault in a man may be eradicated by a pitiless exhibition of its operation and tendencies, and a masculine tending toward silliness may be checked by expository ridicule. It is not thus with women. They may

not be coerced by the use of the hot iron. But such tendencies as are dissected by Dr. Mitchell and Judge Grant are not contagious; at the worst they are only epidemic. They are simply variable exhibits of that cold strata in femininity we all know so well through experience and are so illy able to account for—that devilish strain in the angelic compounds which tries the very foundations of our natures and the utmost roots of our patience and our religion.

Unjust to woman as such books are, their chiefest sin is against literature, the ideal aim of which is the exposition of beauty. Such books smear the surface of our sensibilities, but do not arouse within us anything admirable. While we know they are true as regards exceptions we know they are false as regards the mass, and, therefore, essentially false and misleading.

CARNEGIE HOT AIR.

BY W. M. R.

“**E**VERY sober and capable and willing man,” says Andrew Carnegie, “finds, in the United States, employment, at wages which, with thrift and a good wife to manage, will enable him to go far toward laying up a competence for old age.” Is the statement true? There are more people who will say it is not true than there are who will say it is untrue. The MIRROR believes that the statement is true. A man can and will attain a competence for old age upon almost any wage if he will deny himself and his wife all the things of life which he will not be able to appreciate in his old age. Any man can get rich by starving his body, heart and soul and stunting his mind through the days when life should be loveliest to him. There is no doubt about that. There are millionaires all around us who are living examples of its truth. But is a competency worth such sacrifice? Many will think not. Mr. Carnegie does not tell us what he means by a competency. He is worth about \$250,000,000. That might be one man's idea of a competency, while another might be content with \$100,000. And yet the man who is worth \$100,000 in New York, Chicago or St. Louis, is comparatively poor, a very small fish in the puddle. The vast majority of people cannot attain to anything like \$100,000 or to so much as \$5,000 per year and the man in the United States to-day who has \$5,000 per year, and a heart and a soul and a mind that call for nourishment or for recreation is apt to be very far from having what Mr. Carnegie might call a competency. A man, to-day, at from thirty to forty-five, needs many things that Mr. Carnegie at such an age did not need. The rich man who tells the young man of to-day how he lived on \$45 per month and saved money doesn't think that the young man of intelligence and spirit to-day has to do and have things that the young man of two or one generation ago did not need and did not even know about. The young man who might live, to-day, at thirty-five, as Mr. Carnegie did would hardly live at all. He would have to retire from the world and deny himself everything that makes life blithe. The young married man of to-day can, of course, put his wife in a \$12 flat, never take her to the theater, never go to a restaurant, give her one dress a year, force her to wear cheap hats and shoes and live in immurement. He might save money that way, but he would deaden his heart and by the time the money was saved his wife would be an old, broken, faded woman, from whom, with his hardened heart, he would get a divorce and marry someone who would make a better appearance before the world with and for him. There is more of that in our divorce problem than our philosophers seem to think. What doth it profit a man and a woman to make money and pile it up when in doing so they lose the joy of youth? That saving is possible to everyone cannot be denied, but that such saving for young married people, to-day, is undertaken at very serious risk to the beauty and sweetness of life is also an incontrovertible proposition. The money is not worth what it costs. A competency so acquired is achieved only with arrival at incompetency for

the enjoyment of the pleasures that were postponed during the grinding and self-denying years. The children, you may say, will come in for the money. Yes, and that may be the worse for the children, as we all know it too often is. Saving money is a virtue, but not if, as is so often the case in present conditions, the saving means the loss of the pleasures of existence. A young man cannot live contentedly, to-day, upon the sum his father lived on at his age. His father may have heaped up money through never going to the theater, never entertaining a friend, never spending a copper on anything but the bare necessities. To the young man who wants to live the life that his not too ambitious desires call for, the amassing of a competency is nothing like as simple as Mr. Carnegie would imply.

We have been considering the young man who is started out in the world in such manner as to give him something of a craving for the pleasures of life that are not excesses, the young man who is a clerk or a struggling lawyer or doctor. His difficulties, we think, have been obviously set forth. Perhaps Mr. Carnegie has in mind the young man who is not provided with tastes and appetites and is not in a way of feeling that he must live a little beyond his means from a conviction of *noblesse oblige*. I find in that excellent paper the *Rochester Post-Express*, a paper, by the way, far better than many to be found in cities five times the size of Rochester, a supposititious case that brings the question of competency up to Mr. Carnegie quite effectively.

“Let us suppose that a man of average capacity can earn \$2.50 a day, every working day, or \$15 a week, or \$750 a year. Let us suppose, too, that he has a thrifty wife, and that they have three children. What would the necessary expenses of such a family be? Rent would be at least \$3 a week, or \$150 a year. If we suppose that the family can get along with ten tons of coal at \$5.50 a ton, and 75 gallons of kerosene at 10 cents a gallon, light and fuel will cost \$62.50. Five dollars a week for food, that is, a dollar a week for each person, would be \$150. The clothing for the family would cost hardly less than \$100. Twenty-five dollars, at least, should be allowed for doctor's bills and \$10 for school books. An average of five cents a day, for street-car fare, would make \$15 more. Out of the income of \$750 a year there would be left \$227.50. But this does not allow one cent for amusements, for newspapers or books, for entertainment of friends, for contributions to church, or to any society that the husband or wife may desire to belong to, or for loss of wages on account of sickness, or for anything outside of the barest needs of life. Suppose, therefore, that we allow \$27.50 for all of these purposes, leaving a net income of \$200 a year. At the end of ten years, \$2,000 would be saved; at the end of twenty years, when the children would all be able to care for themselves, the accumulation would be \$4,000. If, with the children caring for themselves, the man and his wife could save \$1,500 more in a decade than with them, they would have at the end of thirty years \$7,500. If they started out in life at twenty-five they would now be fifty-five years old and at the end of their days of hard work. Could they live on the income of their accumulations? At 5 per cent, that income would be \$350 a year. If rent were now \$2 a week, food \$2, fuel and lights \$1 and clothing \$1, their annual expenses would be \$300, leaving \$50 for anything outside of the bare necessities of life.” This does not even mention buying furniture and replacing it or any expense of fitting children for a professional life or for fitting them for a status better than that of their parents. They are dead parents, indeed, who do not want their children to have a better start than they had.

That seems a good case. Yet would such a condition be described as a competency in any large city in this country, or in most of the small ones, with the present spread of modern facilities for enjoyment? That kind of saving will not make a competency. Mr. Carnegie might say something about “investing” the money. But investment is not always the thing that appeals to the saving person, and, in these times, an investment may mean a loss. Not everyone can find places to make money earn money

as Mr. Carnegie did, and surely Mr. Carnegie wouldn't advise speculation.

The case above, besides, is not a wholly fair case. The average income in this country is nothing like \$750 per year. It is nearer \$400. And laying by a competency on \$400 per year is impossible if one is to live like a free, white American with open eyes. There may be the possibility of a competency on \$400 per year in Germany or France or England, but not in this country. How many men would undertake to lay aside money on a salary of \$15 per week? The thing is impossible on the average of less than \$4 per week.

It is supposed though that the sober, capable and willing man will increase his value to his employers. He may or may not. As things seem going now it is likely that he will not, but if he does the chances are that his wants will increase with his income and keep him ever at the grindstone. Some men, undoubtedly, will amass a competency or even become millionaires, but not solely on the strength of being sober, capable, willing and having a good wife. The men who does so must have gumption, foresight, recognition of opportunity, a knack of doing old things in new ways, personal qualities that will interest his employers, or others, in his advancement, a way of giving himself a boost or getting others to pull for him. Without these he will not advance very fast or very far towards a competency. It is clear that while sobriety and willingness and capability, the latter to a limited extent, are to be attained by all, and while it is a man's own fault if he doesn't pick out a good wife, the other qualities that make for advancement, are not to be found in all men. It is most decidedly not possible for everyone to allow competency on such gifts as Mr. Carnegie has indicated. Mr. Carnegie is giving us some “hot air” with other things that are more satisfying.

THE SPOILS OF CHARITY.

BY JELBY.

IN a telegram from Fulton, Mo., dated December 31st, 1901, it was stated, in one of the St. Louis papers, that the Board of Managers of the State Hospital for the Insane, at that place, met for the purpose of electing a superintendent and three assistant physicians; that there were over one hundred applicants for the places; that, after a ballot, a superintendent and three assistants were chosen. Then follows this remarkable statement: “The object in selecting the superintendent and three assistant physicians at this meeting was to give them time to take a special course in neurology and otherwise prepare themselves for the positions to which they will be formally elected at the meeting of the Board on March 14th. The italics are not in the dispatch.

Most people scarcely appreciate the profound significance of this incident. The Fulton Insane Asylum, one of the largest in the State, contains several hundred patients in all phases of insanity. Nothing is better known than that there has been an evolution in the science of the treatment of the insane second in magnitude to none in the scientific world; that if there is in the whole range of human knowledge a specialty requiring long and careful preparation, delicate perception, profound learning and wide experience, it is that of the treatment and care of defectives, and yet we are told that the Board of Management of this great institution has deliberately selected and is about to place in charge of it four men who are confessedly ignorant of the special duties they are about to undertake, and that they are to take a course of preparation of two months and a half in neurology to prepare themselves for their duties.

It is true that we are vouchsafed the information that the appointees are “doctors,” and the presumption is indulged, apparently, that being doctors it will be necessary only for them to devote about ten weeks to the study of one of the most important specialties in their profession in order to take in charge hundreds of patients in all phases of dementia. By analogy this is about as rational a

The Mirror

proceeding as entrusting a blacksmith with the duties of a watchmaker because both are metal workers, or appointing a manufacturer of shovels as the head of a great financial institution because both are business occupations.

No less can be said of it than that it is a monstrous perversion of the appointing power, upon its face, even if the appointments were not dictated by political reasons.

If we consider for a moment what it means it will appear that this is no exaggeration of the case. The science of neurology, one of the most difficult, delicate and profound specialties, is one to which some of the ablest men of the last century have given their whole lives to find that the more extensive the study, the more far-reaching and important are its possibilities. After a hundred years in which the brightest lights of the profession have given their best work to this science, it is well known that this branch is still in its infancy. The ablest, most experienced neurologist approaches each new case of mental disease with a grave consciousness of helplessness, due to the immensity of the subject and the inadequacy of human means to know it in its entirety. Yet here are three country doctors who are willing to undertake a responsibility for the mental condition of hundreds of defectives with ten weeks' preparation! To assume a responsibility which might well appall an angel with all the confidence bred of ignorance and with the fatuous folly which indicates a conscience deaf to the higher considerations of professional duty and humanity!

Consider a little more in detail what this means. A patient suffering from melancholia may, by improper treatment, in a few weeks become incurably demented. An epileptic improperly nourished and insufficiently stimulated mentally will, assuredly, lose the benefit of his intellect during his lucid intervals and become permanently defective. A case of acute dementia, easily remedied, perhaps, by a surgical operation, may, through the ignorance of the superintendent, become chronic and blot out forever the mentality of a human being. A feeble-minded child, capable by proper treatment of development into useful citizenship may, by unscientific treatment, lapse into the twilight of chronic mental debility. And so in every phase of these wondrous pathological phenomena are countless opportunities for the rescue of a human mind, which, neglected, convict the incompetent-in-charge of a crime worse than a murder of the body.

But, being a State institution, the facts do not come home to the average man. The wards of the State are, usually, either paupers or social derelicts and hence no hand is raised when these unhappy ones, who have been "touched of God," are put in the hands of the machine spoilsman or the personal friend of the appointing power. Does one place his father, mother or child in any private hospital for the insane without first making inquiry as to the proficiency of the superintendent? Are our loved ones entrusted to the care of a political hack or one whose crass ignorance permits him to think that he can make himself a specialist of specialists, a finished alienist, by ten weeks' study? Of course not. Why then do we stand by and see the State give the helpless, mind-stricken mendicant a spurious article under the guise of kindness? Why do we permit the State to palm off gold-brick doctors on the poor lunatics and call it charity?

Governor Dockery was an alleged doctor before he got into the business of Statesmanship. Was he one of the kind who believe in professional ethics, or that other kind who advertise literature to be sent to "men only," and whose consciences can only be touched by Grand Juries and Federal Statutes about obscene literature?

It is bad enough for triumphant Democracy, of the flamboyant brand compounded and dispensed by the "Boy Orator of the Platte," to lash political placemen to its chariot-wheels, to make the janitors and scrubwomen at the Capitol dependent upon party fealty for their daily bread; but to invade the sacred field of State charities with the degrading "spoils system," to repeat the infamies of former administrations in the prostitution of the public eleemosynary institutions, is descending to official perfidy past belief.

A few more instances of this frank indifference to public decency will convince the people, already choking with the putrescent doses they have recently had of Cardwellism and Phelpsism, that Dockeryism is pretty nearly the same kind of carrion and will hasten the day when, from Clark to McDonald and Pemiscot to Atchison, the cry will go up from the rock-ribbed Democracy of the whole State, "nothing could be worse; in God's name give us a little Kerensism."

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

SO he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt:

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led.
Never mind how he died.

THE SIX NOTES OF THE FLUTE.

BY MARCEL SCHWAB.

IN the fertile pasture lands of Sicilia there is a wood of sweet almonds, not far from the sea.

Therein is an ancient bench of black stone, whereon, of old, the herdsmen have been wont to sit.

On the branches of adjacent trees hang cicada cages, woven of fine rushes, and baskets of green osiers that are used to gather in the fish.

She who sleeps upright on the stone bench, her feet banded about with fillets, her head hidden under a pointed, red, straw hat, awaits a shepherd who has ne'er returned.

He departed, his hands coated with pure wax, to cut reeds in the damp thickets; he desired to fashion from them a flute of seven pipes, as the god Pan had taught him to do.

And when seven hours were passed, the first note quavered forth near the black stone bench where she who sleeps to-day was watching.

Now this note was near, clear and silvery.

Then seven more hours passed over the sun-blued prairie and a second note resounded joyous and golden.

And every seventh hour she that is sleeping now heard one of the notes of the new syrinx ring out.

The third note was distant and harsh like the clang of iron.

The fourth was still more distant, and deeply resonant, like the voice of bronze.

The fifth was broken and staccato, like the tone of a tin vessel.

But the sixth was dull and muffled, as unvibrant as the leaden weights of a net that clash together.

Now she who sleeps to-day awaits the seventh note, which soundeth never.

The days enwrap the almond woods with their white mists, the twilights with their gray mists, and the nights with their mists of purple and blue.

Perhaps the shepherd is awaiting the seventh note on the shore of a luminous sea, in the thickening shadow of nights and years.

And seated on the black stone bench, she who awaits the herdsman has sunk to slumber.

From "Mimes," translated by A. Lenalie.

MAGDA IN THE SOUTH.

BY A. E. I.

THE level, lonely plains, treeless, brown from the drouth of Australian summer, stretched far into the distance on all sides. The railway, its metals gleaming hotly white beneath the afternoon sun, ran through in a curving line that took its apparently endless way as far as eye could reach. It was broken in one place only, in all those immense spaces, by a platform and crossing, beside which crouched a low-browed, blue-stone cottage. It was the dwelling of the station-mistress of "Digger's Road;" and past it ran the high-road which was the excuse for this stopping-place, separated from the surrounding plains by low, roughly-heaped walls of the dark stones that lay scattered thickly over the ground in all directions.

The train from Melbourne had stopped, set down a solitary passenger, and rushed away up country. The solitary was a young woman, tall and full-figured, with a clear, pale face, scarlet lips, and red hair waving softly above her delicate brows and creamy neck. She was dressed luxuriously, yet with a careful simplicity, in faintly-tinted thin silk and lace. As she stood on the platform an elderly woman came up to her, looked into her face inquiringly and kissed her in a sudden, unemotional way. She was tall and spare, dressed in a dark linen gown with a coarse hat tied under her square chin. Plain and even common as her clothing was, there was an air of dignity in her free, strong movements. As the girl stooped to take up the portmanteau that the guard had put down beside her, the elder woman prevented her, saying as she lifted it herself, "I'll take it. It would spoil your gloves." She spoke in clear, unhurried tones that accentuated the independence and dignity of her appearance.

In a few minutes the two women were sitting in the shady front room of the stone cottage. It was a plain room, the only noticeable furniture being a shelf of books, solid-looking and well-worn.

"Well, well, to think you're actually here!" said the elder woman. "Doesn't it seem strange?"

"It does indeed," assented the girl. She seemed a little ill at ease, and her beautiful eyes rested anywhere but on her companion's. "You always managed to keep it cool in here, mother," she said, irrelevantly; "that is, you can keep it cool for the first few days of the heat, but it gets dreadful when the stone is heated through, I remember. You must come away, mother, as I've so often asked you to, now that I've come back to Australia to fetch you."

"I don't think so," the elder woman said. "I like my own ways, my own work and my own earnings too well. But it's good to see you; I'm lonely here sometimes. I never was one to have many friends—you remember that? Not that there's anyone within reach, anyhow."

"Lonely!" said the girl. "It's heart-breaking. I'd go mad if I lived here like you. Surely you'll pay me a visit while I'm in Melbourne, mother, even if you don't give this up altogether. You could get leave, I suppose? But I'd like you to come back to Europe with me."

"Would you?" said the mother, quietly. "I might come to Melbourne while you're there. You mustn't think, child, that I'm not delighted at your success. It fills me with pride to hear of your wonderful voice, and of people all over the world bowing down to your singing. Yes, and I'm pleased at your wanting to share it all with me, even though I can't possibly take what you offer."

"Why can't you mother?" asked the girl, with some

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irritation. "It is so ridiculous, your living on alone here, working hard, when I have ever so much more money than I know what to do with. Parents oughtn't to be proud about taking things from their children, any more than children ought to be proud toward parents."

"The cases are quite different," said the elder woman. "Or, anyhow, I feel them to be different. Besides, you are in a world that is utterly strange to me. I should be awkward in it."

"You would soon be at home in it," said the girl, eagerly. "You speak and move with more dignity, as it is, than most of the women one meets."

"I don't know that I want to be at home in that world," said the elder woman, slowly, ignoring the compliment. After a moment, she went on: "You did not answer the question I wrote to you, Dorothea."

"What question?" asked the girl.

"I think you know," said her mother; and waited.

"I suppose," said the singer, unwilling, "you mean your question about the truth of what people say about my private affairs?"

"Yes," assented the other.

"How I hate those newspapers!" the singer burst out. "If it were not for them—"

"If it's untrue," interrupted her mother, "you've only got to say so. What do I care what they say?"

"They exaggerate so," said the singer, impatiently.

"Exaggerate?" repeated the elder woman, in her measured tones. "What do you mean? A thing of that kind is true or untrue. That's all that matters. They led one to believe that you were living almost openly with a man who is not your husband."

The singer threw out her hands despairingly. The struggle had to come, apparently.

"Was it true?" asked the mother.

"Yes," said the singer, moodily.

Her mother looked at her with a kind of hard curiosity. One would say that the word just uttered had swept all memory of her motherhood out of her heart. "Why do you do it?" she asked.

"What is the use of my telling you about it?" said the singer. "You would never be willing to understand."

"Perhaps not," replied her mother. "Yet you had better try me. If you can't make me understand, as you call it, and if I can't make you see your wickedness"—

"Mother," broke in the girl, with almost passionate pleading in her voice, "Why won't you let me love you and take care of you as I want to? Why won't you take the

good that's in me, and—love me as any other mother would?"

The elder woman ignored the tone and the words altogether. "Are you still living with this man?" she asked.

The daughter's face set into hard lines like her mother's. "Yes," she replied.

"Won't he marry you?" her mother asked.

"I don't know," the singer replied, with a cynical smile.

"I never asked him; I daresay he would, if I said he must."

"Don't you want to marry, then?" asked the other.

"No, I don't."

"Don't you care for this man?"

"Yes, I care for him." The daughter looked at the inscrutable face opposite to her for a moment or two, and then burst out, "What's the use of my answering you? You can't understand. Why should I marry and bind myself down like other women—like ordinary women? I have a great gift—I have a voice that makes a queen of me; and as well as that I am an artist—I am a musician—I love my art. Oh, the two things don't always go together, I can tell you. If you'd only come with me you'd see what it all means, you who have such a splendid mind, a hundred times quicker and stronger than mine. Won't you come?" She paused, but the sombre face she gazed at gave no stir of sympathy. She went on: "Well, I suppose you will say that if I care so much for my work—if I won't marry—I ought to have nothing to do with men. But I don't choose to sacrifice so much of the sweetness of life just because I want to work. Why should a woman have to choose between love and work? I have both. I want both. Love is actually necessary to make one understand and interpret great works. I should be a half-developed, powerless creature unless I knew what it means—this loving and being loved. I choose to enjoy life and to know life to the full—and to remain free."

She stopped, and the elder woman repeated after her—"To know life to the full. Have you a child, then?"

A rush of red came up over the singer's fair face. "No," she said.

The mother smiled slowly, pityingly. "It's you who can't understand," she said. "Why, here in my loneliness, I know more of the realities of things than you. Great joys and great sorrows, delight and despair and death, these make a woman live to the full, and these come to wives and mothers with a glory and an agony that such as you can never know. You live for art; what's art but a glori-

ed plaything! Live for realities, and then you may speak of living to the full."

There was a silence. Presently the singer said, in low voice, "I do understand. Come with me, mother."

"I've said nothing of the sin you are committing," went on the mother, inexorably. "And it is that which hurts me most. If I came with you would you promise to make an end of it now, from this moment?"

The singer's face paled. "No," she said; "it takes different people to make a world. It takes my kind, as well as yours. I can admire your kind, but I can't alter myself. I will not."

Her mother rose, as if there was nothing more to say. "I must give you some tea, Dorothea," she remarked; "you must be wanting it." As she went about preparing it, she continued, in matter-of-fact tones, "How long did you think of staying with me?"

"I have to be back in Melbourne very soon," said the warbler. "I am to sing there, you know. I thought I would stay while you got ready to come with me." She stopped, but the elder woman said nothing. The singer continued, hesitatingly, "If you would not stay at my hotel because of—others who might be there, you could stay where I could often come and see you: and you could come and hear me sing. It will be a great night."

"I shall not come with you to Melbourne," said the other.

The singer rose to her feet with an angry exclamation: "In that case, I see no use in my staying at all," she said. "Tell me what time the next train to Melbourne stops here, and I'll catch it."

"As you please," said her mother, steadily. "But there is plenty of time for you to take something to eat and drink first. I can't let you go without that."

They sat and talked commonplaces for the remainder of their time together, and the mother brought her daughter to the station in time for the evening train to town. As it drew up to the platform the singer leaned forward and kissed her mother's firm, unbending lips. Then she got into the carriage, and was carried back to the city, to the passionate arms of her lover, to the adoring admiration of her audiences, to soft living and luxurious surroundings. But none of these will ever deaden her vivid memory of that forlorn railway platform, lonely and bare, with the brown plains stretching from it on all sides, and the little blue-stone cottage crouching beside it; and, before all, standing there in the red light of the setting sun, the tall figure of her mother, dignified, steadfast and alone.

MUSIC.

JOSEF HOFMANN.

Hofmann is not a type. In appearance and demeanor the little fellow is very unlike the strange creatures who belong to the school of piano-virtuosi represented by the Messrs. Paderewski and Co. In spite of his twenty-six years little Josef looks a mere boy—a tired, bored and sulky boy—who plays under protest and is glad when his task is ended. He has none of the usual tricks or "mannerisms," and the appearance of his occiput implies intimate acquaintance with barber's shears. There is an inference of barber's shears in the cut of his coat also, but that is neither here nor there, as it in no way detracts from his playing.

We have read much of the hysteria prevalent at his recitals in New York, of the casting of violets, waving of handkerchiefs and of the frantic excitement that leads women to crowd about the little man to implore and adore, but we saw no such extraordinary performances, nor anything to call them forth, during the recitals here. Hofmann's personal attitude, or his playing, invites no hysterical demonstration; on the contrary, his apparent stolidity, not unmixed with superciliousness, is so chilling that it must effectually quell any symptoms of an emotional riot, even if his playing were not of the material, instead of the soulful, order.

Hofmann's technical skill, musical insight, and interpretative ingenuity are astounding. He lacks warmth and true feeling, but as far as possible his extreme cleverness fills this want. He makes himself interesting always, and often delightful. The most memorable work this pianist did here was his performance of the opening number of his first recital. Nothing could excel the perfect poise, the pure objectivity, of these Haydn "Variations." His Haydnian simplicity and freshness were wholly admirable and gave no whisper of the thundering virtuosity displayed in the Liszt transcription of the "Tannhauser" Overture.

Hofmann was disappointing in the Beethoven Sonata, particularly in the slow movement, which was dry, hard and unsympathetic. The last movement was finely played, but the first was not Beethoven. He missed out also in the Schumann "Nachtstück," but everything else that he did was beyond cavil.

Hofmann played two pleasant little salon pieces, composed by himself, on Saturday. As a composer he has not yet attained maturity. Despite a little slip of the memory, his rendition of the Weber Sonata was most beautiful, and he played also very well in the Mendelssohn number, and also interpreted, with great variety of tone and style, pieces by Saint Saens, Chopin and Liszt, ending with the terrifying "Mephisto Valse" after which, being sufficiently urged, he added the Schubert-Taussig "Marche Militaire."

THE FROHMAN-GOERLITZ SHOW.

The Frohman-Goerlitz Greatest Show on Earth came to town last Monday for one night only.

A great audience crowded the Odeon to see the show. It was a good-natured, cosmopolitan, circus-going crowd. Hundreds of good citizens whose names are spelled principally with c's, j's and k's and who have never before passed the portals of the Odeon Hall, cheerfully paid a toll of two dollars and mingled with the many repre-

sentatives of the smart set, the theatre-going set, and the musical set, who were present. The saw-dust ring and red lemonade "atmosphere," created by the effective "advance work" of Mme. Norma Knuepfel, female impresario, was not destroyed by the audience. The vociferous appeals of the photograph vender and the dealer in "Odeon chocolates" struck no jarring note, nor was the illusion dispelled by the performance.

The "show" began with the star performer, Jan Kubelik, in a series of hair-raising gymnastics on the violin, invented by one Paganini and gathered together under the title of "Concerto in D Major." Herr Rudolf Friml, at the piano, supplied the necessary net-spread to catch all notes dropped through mis-skips, jumps and slides.

However, there were few slips. Young Kubelik is marvelously agile and sure and the instrument upon which he performed is a great one. The tone produced is now rich and warm and again clear and sweetly-piercing according to his manipulation of the strings.

Wild applause followed this "act" and then appeared a lady, decorated with a profusion of glittering-gilt spangles, who performed with much *eclat* upon the piano. She, too, evidenced considerable strength and activity.

Again the puny star minced to the center of the platform and then and there spoiled the scheme of the performance by giving an artistic, musicianly, and tonally lovely rendition of the famous Bach "Aria." He did not get back into the circus atmosphere of trickery and jugglery until he had finished the two other numbers of this group, and did more sleight-of-hand work in a "Rondo" given as an encore.

After that, again the spangled lady, more Kubelik fireworks and—curtain.

The new violinist, under the present regime, does not come in for critical consideration. He is presented as a "sensation" not a musical artist, and his success or failure can be measured only by the sensationalizing, or the lack of it, accomplished.

MUSICAL MISSIONARIES.

To fully appreciate, one must see and hear the work done by Mrs. James L. Blair in her free singing class which meets at the Odeon Tuesday mornings. Mrs. Blair has the courage of her convictions and expounds her theories personally to some three or four hundred men, women and children. This whole-souled philanthropist has the musical knowledge, the power to impart this knowledge, and the energy and perseverance to lead and instruct raw, and, in most instances, unpromising material. The undertaking is great, but the results greater. Already, though the work has been in progress but one month, one can easily see, by scanning the interested faces of the seekers after the musical knowledge who crowd the Odeon Recital Hall at these meetings, that they appreciate Mrs. Blair's efforts in their behalf and are beginning to grasp the intent of the exercises they perform.

Mrs. Blair begins by a simple, lucid explanation of the value of correct breathing, illustrates the process to be employed and is eagerly and earnestly imitated by the class. The sight-reading method is ingenious, but simple and practicable, and it is amazing to hear how easily and correctly the intervals are sung by this untrained band. In tone work Mrs. Blair is assisted by Mr. Geer. It is refreshing to note the rap-

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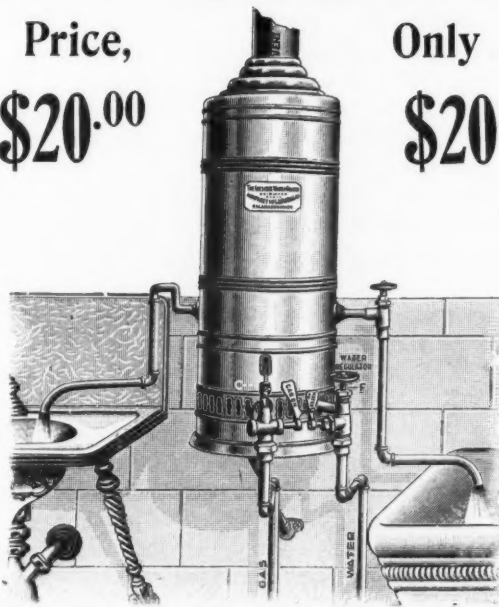
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attention given to all Mrs. Blair says and does. A personality of much magnetism, rare tact, perfect sincerity, and convincing disinterestedness make the generous woman's work, compelling and fruitful. Musical missionary work of this character cannot fail to have a most beneficial effect on the entire complexion of musical affairs in this city. It arouses interest by awakening appreciation and Mrs. Blair has earned the thanks of the entire music loving population by her efforts in the right direction.

More Missionary work is being done by Mr. E. R. Kroeger. The value of the analytical pianoforte recitals given by him, without profit to himself, at the Odeon Saturday morning, can hardly be over estimated.

Mr. Kroeger analyses, at each recital, representative works of the masters, after which he plays the compositions.

A Bach fugue, a Beethoven Sonata, a Mozart Sonata and smaller compositions by Schumann, Chopin and Liszt have been the subjects analysed at the two recitals already given. Mr. Kroeger avoids confusing technical detail in his explanatory remarks, but gives a clear, simple exposition of the content of the work under consideration. He is lucid, interesting and there is no sus-

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picion of the dryness and pedantry one associates with the analytical recital.

No one musician has done as much for the furtherance of what is best in music in St. Louis as Mr. Kroeger and everybody interested in musical progress here should appreciate this fact and support him in his work.

A. C. W.

SCHUMANN-HEINK RECITAL.

The Schumann-Heink song-recital, next Monday night, at the Odeon, under the auspices of the Union Musical Club, promises to be one of the greatest events of the musical season. The boxes have nearly all been taken by the social leaders of the city, which insures its social as well as its musical success. Tickets are on sale at Bollman's, Eleventh and Olive streets. Following is the program with Mr. Alfred Ernst as the accompanist:

- I.
(a) Armida Aria..... *Haendel*
(b) Recitative and Aria from Paulus, *Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*.

- II.
Franz Schubert Songs.
(a) Der Tod und das Mädchen.
(b) Haidenröslein.
(c) Die Allmacht.

- III.
(a) Die drei Zigenner..... *Franz Liszt*
(b) Sehnsucht..... *J. B. Foerster*
(c) Frühlingsnacht..... *Robert Schumann*

- IV.
Songs by Robert Franz.
(a) Die Höhn und Wälder.
(b) Im Herbst.
(c) Er ist gekommen.

- V.
(a) Die Waldhexe..... *Ant. Rubenstein*
(b) Bolero..... *Luigi Arditi*

- VI.
Prison Scene, Act V, from Prophet, *G. Meyerbeer.*

CALIFORNIA AND ITS ATTRACTIONS

The great State of California offers more delightful attractions for the average winter tourist than any other section of the United States. At a time when the North and the East are garbed in their usual winter mantle California is clothed in sunshine, fruit and flowers. If you contemplate the journey this season remember that the Union Pacific, the Overland Route, offers unsurpassed service and accommodations. Fifteen hours the shortest time. Address J. H. Lothrop, Gen'l Agent, 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

QUEER HANGMAN.

Billington, the English public executioner, who has just died at Bolton, was one of the most curious characters imaginable. Prior to securing the appointment he was one of the leaders in the Primitive Methodist body of the colliery district, and was regarded as an acceptable preacher. He did "not think his office incompatible with the work of the ministry" as he understood it. Long before he succeeded to the office he had a yearning for "the honor," and availed himself of every opportunity of qualifying himself for it. Hence he had a curious apparatus in his bedroom, or the room adjacent, on which he experimented with lay figures, and, whenever he could get the chance, with cats or dogs which neighbors wished to put an end to. He kept these experiments largely a secret, but their character leaked out, and he acquired a somewhat uncanny reputation.

Tea sets, chests of silverware, cutlery, sterling silver tableware, at Mermod & Jaccards, Broadway, corner Locust.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Gemp will sail Feb. 15th for Genoa.

Miss Francis Allison is entertaining Miss Turner, of Boston, Mass.

Mrs. B. F. Given is entertaining Mrs. Edward Swinney, of Kansas City.

Mrs. W. L. Chandler, is entertaining Mrs. Alice Wilson Johnson, of Boonville.

Mr. and Mrs. Griswold Stowe are spending a short time in St. Louis with friends.

Mrs. Henry Meier, Jr., will give a card party this afternoon, assisted by Miss Rehbein.

Mrs. B. F. Given has sent out invitations for a card party on Friday evening, January 24th.

Mrs. Vincent Marmaduke is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. James L. Pearce, of Kansas City.

Mrs. David F. Kaime will entertain, this afternoon, with a luncheon, in honor of Miss Carrie Cook.

Miss Emily Francis and her brother, Mr. Alfred Francis, are on a six week's tour of the South.

Mrs. John S. Wilkins is entertaining Mrs. Galen Tate and Miss Beatrice Tate, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Paul Brown has sent out cards for a handsome reception on Friday afternoon, January 31st.

Miss Emma Harig will entertain on Saturday evening with a card party in honor of her guest, Miss Bremer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Jones and Miss Hortense Jones will leave early in February to reside in Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Dan C. Nugent will entertain the card club of which she is a member, on Friday afternoon, January 24th.

Miss Annie Daviess, who has been visiting friends in Kentucky, is again with her sister Mrs. H. D. Pittman.

Mrs. Depp, of Cabanne, has for guest, Miss Cora L. Speed, of Kansas City, who will also visit Mrs. Lloyd Speed.

Mrs. William R. Field will give a card party on Thursday afternoon, January 23d, in honor of her daughter, Miss Field.

Mr. and Mrs. Cullen A. Battle and sister, Miss Edna Earle Pugh, leave for Palm Beach and the Bermudas, February 5th.

Mrs. Jerome Kirst has returned from New Orleans, with her sister, Miss Cassie Plaisance, who will spend the winter here.

Mrs. Stockwell Dudley, accompanied by her little daughter, Miss Frances Dudley, will leave, this week, for San Antonio, Tex.

Mrs. James Garneau will entertain the Acephalous Euchre Club, at its next meeting, Monday afternoon, January 27th.

Mrs. George Kimball gave a dinner, last week, in honor of Miss Julia Moore, who was married, on Monday, to Mr. Lewis Bierman.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Boyd are entertaining the Misses Peters, of Rochester, N. Y., and Mrs. Benjamin Rucker, of Georgetown.

Miss Elise Nevins, of Methuen, Mass., the only daughter of the late David Nevins, of Boston, is the guest of Miss Frances Allison.

Mrs. Morris Glaser will entertain on Friday January 24th, with a tea, in honor of her young daughter and her class-mates of the Mary Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. Corwin H. Spencer gave a dance, on Wednesday evening, for their daughters, Misses Ruth and Louie Spencer and their guest, Miss Nevins.

Miss Grace Priest will give a dinner party, on Saturday evening, in honor of her two guests, Misses Bertha Daly, of Toledo, Ohio, and Flora Frost, of Boston.

Invitations have been sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch, for a ball on Tuesday, January 28th, at the St. Louis club, in honor of Miss Alice Luedeking.

Mrs. Finis Marshall has sent out quaintly worded invitations in verse, inviting her friends to a Japanese tea, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Leon Trafalgar Brown.

Mrs. George W. Sanders will entertain on Friday evening with a dance, in honor of her daughter, Miss Mabel Sanders, and her guest, Miss Swygard, of Kansas City.

Mrs. J. H. Trorlicht has sent out cards for a reception on Tuesday, January 28th, in honor of her two daughters, Misses Clara and Alice Trorlicht, and their guest, Miss Lyle, of Kansas City.

Mrs. Fanny Clark has sold her home in Montgomery City, and come to St. Louis to reside. She has taken the Edwards Whitaker house, where she is now settled with her young daughters.

Mrs. Byrd Teasdale Caldwell has sent out



cards for a reception, on Friday afternoon, January 31st. Mrs. William B. Harrison's card is enclosed, as are those of Mrs. T. Maller Teasdale and Mrs. Thomas Bowker Teasdale.

The Thursday dancing Club will hold its fourth meeting this evening. The chaperones of the evening include Mesdames, J. C. Van Blarcom, Guy P. Billon, Bissell Ware, James L. Blair, E. L. Adreon, Arthur Garrison, Walker Evans, Goodman King, and Walter B. Douglass.

A quiet wedding on Monday afternoon, was that of Miss Julia Moore and Mr. Lewis Bierman, at the home of the uncle of the bride, Mr. Hoyt Green, Rev. Dr. Cannon officiating. Only a few intimate friends and near relatives were present at the ceremony. After congratulations and a bridal supper, Mr. and Mrs. Bierman departed for a honeymoon tour.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. Ballard have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Berenice Charlotte Ballard and Mr. Hinman Holden Clark, which will take place on Tuesday evening, January 28th, at St. Georges' Episcopal Church. The young couple will be "at home" to their friends on the second and fourth Friday afternoons in February, at 422 Morgan street.

On Monday afternoon, at five o'clock, Miss Marie Carr and Mr. Edgar Lackland Taylor were quietly married, at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bent Carr, 5358 Cabanne avenue, Rev. Father J. J. McGlynn officiating. Only the immediate families and a few intimate friends were present. Misses Fannie and Hazel Carr were the bridesmaids, and Mr. William Taylor served as best man for his brother. After an informal reception the bride and groom left for Florida.

Miss Lucille Howard gave a luncheon, last week, in honor of Miss Grace Priest whose engagement to Mr. William Grayson, Jr. was announced during the afternoon. Miss Howard made the formal announcement. Miss Priest is the only daughter of Judge and Mrs. H. S. Priest, and Mr. Grayson is the son, of Mr. William Grayson. The wedding will not take place until June. Among the young ladies present were Misses Clara Carter, Marjorie Oliver, Grace Pinkenbuer, Alice Meyenburg, Edith Blake, Eloise Ware, Florence Newton, Hammett and Mrs. Kenneth Green.

The marriage of Miss Elith January and Mr. John T. Davis took place last Saturday, at high noon, at the home of the mother of the bride, Mrs. D. A. January. Rev. Dr. Snead, of the Washington and Compton Avenue Presbyterian Church, officiated in the presence of a small gathering of intimate friends and relatives of the bride and groom. Owing to the death of Mr. Filley, the groom's uncle, the affair was small and quiet. Mrs. Howard Elliott, the sister of the bride, accompanied her as matron of honor. Miss Isabel January and Miss Alice Morton served as bridesmaids. The groom was attended by Messrs. Sam and Dwight Davis, his brothers. Three little flower girls in white dresses, were Misses Janet and Edith Elliott, and Josephine January, who carried baskets of violets. After the bridal breakfast the newly married pair left for the East. Mr. and Mrs. Davis sailed, yesterday, for Europe. Mrs. Oliver B. Filley, of England, and Mrs. Alexander

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Humphreys, of Louisville, Ky., an aunt of the bride, were among the guests.

Two young ladies at the matinee, a few days ago, during the intermission, indulged in the following conversation: "Do you know, Marie, I'm simply suffering tortures with that left foot, my shoe pinches so." "Serves you right," retorted her companion, unsympathetically, "Why didn't you go to Swope's as I told you?" "Swope's shoes never hurt the feet." Swope's are the best for fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

AN EXTORTED APOLOGY.

An eminent politician and his wife were lately entertaining at luncheon a lady who brought with her a little girl. During the meal the child helped herself to something that was handed round, tasted it, and left it on her plate. Her mother, horror struck, said, "That is very rude; you should apologize to Lady—." Whereupon the conscience stricken infant murmured, through her tears, "I didn't mean to be rude. I wouldn't have taken any if I had known how nasty it was." Surely a model for all extorted apologies.—*Manchester Guardian*.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A SINECURE—Mrs. Flynn: "An' phwat's yer son Moike doin' now, Mrs. Casey?" Mrs. Casey: "Shure, Moike ain't doin' annything, Mrs. Flynn. He's got a government job."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

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NEW BOOKS.

"That Girl, Montana," by Marah Ellis Ryan, is a pretty love story between one of those big-hearted, rugged miners and his protegee, a young girl who is left all alone in the world and who has experienced so many of the hardships of life that childhood and its innocent pleasures are things unknown. A spirited, independent girl who is loyal to her friends, come weal or come woe, and who, in the end, finds that in all the world there is no one like Dan, her guardian, so becomes his partner for life and fond mother to his little daughter. There is no attempt made at fine writing and, although there are instances when the narrative seems a bit overdrawn, these are so infrequent and the story is, withal, so simply told that one passes lightly over them, and finds the book decidedly tolerable in this age of gush. (Rand, McNally & Company, publishers, New York.)

"Lauriel," edited by A. H., is a series of letters written, supposedly, by a loyal American girl, who discloses in each unfoldment, wholly unconsciously, the development of her young life from girlhood to womanhood. She, the writer, is one among the few who choose a real life wherein love rules king, even though many hardships be suffered, in preference to a hollow, soulless life of indolent ease and wealth. At first she does not know her own heart and thinks the friendship between her and Royal is of the ideally platonic. Then when the realization bursts upon her that the nameless something that has been tugging at her heartstrings is an all-absorbing, passionate love,—what a change is wrought in her and how she adores the man whom she has so long thought of as her "kind, strong friend!" How completely she allows this love to envelop her, to engross her every thought, to be the mainspring of her every action! All this, in her oft repeated declarations of fealty, is forcefully impressed upon the reader, and yet, despite the happy termination, there is an indefinable something lacking. *Lauriel's* surrender is so totally devoid of the slightest hint of a thought of self, with no ambition, no anything, outside of her husband's love, no regret of having sacrificed great wealth and high social standing—all for him—the perfect happiness, the absolute all in allness he is to her, impress one, somehow, as unreal. One knows all along that Royal and she will be lovers; one appreciates the great difference between him and the other characters with whom she comes in contact, his manly masterfulness, still—it isn't convincing. One looks upon this love with a kind of awe; it too nearly approaches idolatry. Her philosophizings on various phases of life are good, but girlish. The "Lauriel" letters are all pretty, all interesting, and leave no such bad taste in the mouth as does the reading of the "Love Letters of an English Woman." "Lauriel" bears the imprint of L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.

To the student of Northern India, Ceylon, Java, Indo-China, Burma and lands of like interest, "In the Ice World of the Himalaya" will prove a valuable acquisition for its accounts of the customs of the people, their peculiarities and idiosyncracies, in giving, as nearly as possible, the exact

latitudes and altitudes of the lofty mountains, the temperature at different heights, the variance of winds, etc. The authors, Fannie B. Workman and William H. Workman, have made their chroniclings almost indispensable, that is, as a volume of reference or text-book. But to the average reader these travels would seem very prosy, even tedious at times. Although there is ample scope for fine descriptive passages none is essayed, and only the homely facts are stated. There are also trivial personal affairs written of, which might as well have been eliminated and there are too many digressions of various sorts having little connection with the subject. Had the authors made the book wholly "travels," they might have utilized the space to a much better advantage. However, with the maps, excellent illustrations and glossary of foreign words and phrases, one who is interested in the matters treated of in this book will find it useful. (Cassell & Company, Ltd., New York.)

Mr. Charles E. Bolton has given in a volume entitled "A Model Village" a number of interesting essays of varied character. The first is a concise summary of the founding and progress of Cleveland and the adjacent suburban hamlets and villages or subdivisions of that city. The description of the scenic beauties of the "Forest City," Euclid avenue, etc., is somewhat too enthusiastic, while the city's resources, its non-political attitude and the general harmony prevailing are set forth in a simple, straightforward manner that is quite impressive. In "Stage-Coaching in England" the author tells of an exciting drive by stage-coach from Cambridge to Oxford, with an easy grace and a certain buoyant swing that are quite irresistible. "Coffee Houses in Great Britain" is an entertaining account of Mr. Bolton's visits to England's coffee houses—places, attractively equipped, where coffee and like beverages and luncheons are served, at moderate cost—and through which the English are remedying the great evil which threatened to overwhelm that country—intemperance. "A Fete of the French People," "The Great Lakes and the Mediterranean," "Entertainments for the People" and "The Flags of all Nations" are among other articles in this volume. (L. C. Page & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.)

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE EXCURSION

TO CITY OF MEXICO, JANUARY 28.

On above date, the American Tourist Association will run an excursion for a Tour of All Mexico, leaving St. Louis via the Iron Mountain Route at 8 p. m. Rate, \$365, including all expenses, railway and sleeping car fares, meals in dining cars, transfers, hotels, carriages, automobiles, special street cars, etc. For complete information, call at City Ticket Office.

IN PURSUIT OF IT—*Smythe*: "Hello! Fine day! Are you out walking for your health?" *Smythe*: "Yes; I am going to the doctor's." —*Indianapolis News*.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

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Messrs. Van Vechten & Ellis beg to announce the issue at The Philosopher Press, which is in Wausau, Wisconsin, at The Sign of the Green Pine Tree, of a quarto edition of FitzGerald's Second Version of Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, on L. L. Brown handmade paper, pages 9½x12, bordered with an old Persian design, with antique types, printed anopistograph and bound in antique boards, boxed. Price, Five Dollars. They would be glad to send a copy for you to see, upon request, and will pay return charges if you do not care to purchase it.

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THE CITY TROOP.

A charter for the organization of the City Troop of St. Louis has already been obtained from Gov. Dockery and the Adjutant-General of the State of Missouri, and the troop is already made up, the intention being to have it ready for duty by the 1st of May. The charter provides that \$6,000 shall be raised by subscription, to properly equip the company. The company will consist of sixty members, selected from among men who have seen service in the army, or other well-drilled military organizations, and its first captain will be George M. Brown, a graduate of West Point, and an ex-army officer.

St. Louis is the only large city in the country that does not boast a troop of citizen cavalry. In the mere matter of providing a beautiful feature for important civic parades such a cavalry organization has high value. It also makes for the popularity of the militia force, and something which will do what is needed when there are so many influences at work trying to discredit the militia. Before and during the World's Fair there will be many parades, receptions and other functions in which the presence of a finely equipped and accoutred City Troop would be not only ornamental but useful, and it was with this need in view that the City Troop organization was projected. Owing to the small appropriation made by the Legislature for the militia, the projectors of the City Troop are confronted with the fact that the funds for the equipment and support of such an organization as this must be secured by subscription. In this connection it might be well to state that some of the largest subscribers to the World's Fair when approached in regard to a subscription for the Troop, have said that they intended their subscriptions to cover just such contingencies as this, and further, that the World's Fair Company should contribute generously towards the organization of this Troop, which is to be used as a mounted escort during the Fair, and which will be composed entirely of local men. However the money may be raised for this enterprise, it should be raised quickly. If the State is too poor, or its political managers are too much afraid of demagogues to provide enough money for the support of the militia, the citizens must do so. The people who have a large stake in the community should see to it that everything is done to give the militia some standing and some physical force to back up the moral force that lurks in the idea of a citizen soldiery.

This city is big enough and its property interests are great enough to justify its leading citizens in taking care of the militia much better than they have done in the past. There should be half a dozen crack military companies in this town. The militia should be well equipped and the membership kept up to the limit. The Battery A Armory should be completed along the lines of the plans made by Captain Rumbold. But the immediate necessity just now is for the provision of just such an organization as the City Troop in process of formation. The World's Fair management can well afford to subsidize the company with a substantial sum, and it would not be without the legal limitations upon the various appropriations for the Fair, while it would be a good investment of a permanent character that the citizens of St. Louis would be proud of for many years after the passage of the Fair.

A great many St. Louisans have made a great deal of money recently in the big boom



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HAROLD BAUER.

that has struck the town. They could not do better than yield up a nice percentage of their profits for such a good cause as the provision of a representative military organization for escort services during the World's Fair, and while they are about it, they should look about and see if they can't raise enough money to put the Battery Armory and two or three companies, now struggling desperately for existence, upon their financial feet. And could not the City Troop make an arrangement to join hands with the Battery, share the quarters and bunch the subscriptions now being secured independently by each organization?

The situation of the citizen soldiery of St. Louis is disgraceful. There is no other word for it. Let us have enough money subscribed in short order to fit out the City Troop, and then let us take care of the other young men who are struggling along to maintain a militia organization in the face of open hostility that is not much worse than the base apathy of those whose principles and interests the militia is organized to defend.



A NEW APPOINTMENT FOR

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Mr. Clarence D. Boyd, who was recently appointed Excursion Agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway, with headquarters in St. Louis, has assumed the duties of his new position, the most important of which will be in connection with the Pullman tourist sleeping car service now established between St. Louis and Pacific Coast points.

On Tuesday morning of each week he will personally conduct the excursion, which leaves Union Station, St. Louis, at 9:00 o'clock. The Pullman tourist cars will be under his direct supervision. He will cheerfully give any information desired, point out places and objects of interest along the line, and see that the wants and comforts of passengers are strictly and promptly attended to. Mr. Boyd has had years of experience in this matter, and is thoroughly familiar with all the details that tend to make traveling a pastime and a pleasure. He has at his command an able and efficient porter whose sole duty it is to be polite and attentive to the passengers. He will

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This tourist car arrives at Kansas City the same evening, and at Pueblo, the terminus of the Missouri Pacific Railway, at noon on Wednesdays. Here it passes over the tracks of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad to Glenwood Springs and Grand Junction, Colo., where it is taken up by the Rio Grande Western Railway for Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah. The balance of the trip is over the Southern Pacific Railway to the Pacific Coast.

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application in person or by mail, he will cheerfully furnish time-cards, maps, folders, pamphlets and other interesting literature.



REMINISCENCES—He: "Ah, those days of our young love! You remember that afternoon you promised to meet me, and didn't come? How I raved!" She: "Just like a man! And there I was suffering agonies trying on that dress you liked so much."—Life.



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THEATRICALS.

"MISS SIMPLICITY."

Frank Daniels makes a great hit at the Olympic Theatre, this week, in the operatic farce, "Miss Simplicity." He is, in every sense of the word, the whole show. Without him, the thing would not amount to much. He has a most unique way of amusing the audience. The way he fits himself out, his face-play and winking, his droll, bizarre way of expressing himself, all contribute towards making the show acceptable. Sunday night he condescended to unbosom himself by delivering a speech between the two acts. That speech was one of the best things heard on the stage for a long time, although it was not down on the programme. The audience appreciated it more than many things in the play, in spite of the fact that few people knew what the actor was talking about. Frank Daniels is a comedian. There can be no doubt about this, and if you do not believe it go and see for yourself. You won't regret it.

Of course, there is nothing but nonsense in this operatic comedy. It all turns, in some vague manner, about a petty king of Continental Europe, whose realm comprises about three square miles, and who is enjoying himself in the company of young sports. Then he falls in love, and decides to get rid of cares of state, temporarily, by making his valet Blossoms (Daniels) ruler of his people.

Well, Blossoms gets into various sorts of funny complications, has a girl thrust upon him, and makes the most of his royal time, while his master serves him in the capacity of valet. There is another girl, who is in love with the real king and who succeeds in winning him at last. Then there is a bombastic quack doctor, who pesters everybody near him with pills and calls every one of his patients "the pillee." This role is well rendered by William Danforth. This actor is also a good, comical singer and puts people in good humor by his song about the men who do things "so politely."

So far as the girls are concerned, there is little fault to find. They are all of attractive appearance, well-gowned and graceful dancers. Their voices are excessively thin, however. Of course, there is the usual display of hosiery and petticoats to enliven proceedings a little and to keep the connoisseurs in the front row interested.

As above said, there are only two acts. Scenic effects are good, and so is the costuming. Some of the costumes, however, could, with eminent propriety, be submitted to a laundry expert.

The music is fairly pleasing, but not "catchy" enough to enable the gallery gods to "catch on" quickly. A few of the songs are decidedly dull. We have heard better ones this season. However, we are willing to overlook things of this kind, when we have Frank Daniels before us. Keep your eye on him, when visiting the Olympic this week, and you will not bother much about other features of the show. F. A. H.

"ON THE QUIET."

Mr. William Collier—he used to be "Willie"—is at the Century this week in a Gus Thomas comedy called "On the Quiet." He has been seen here in the play before. The skit is an excellent medium for Collier's fun-making. He has mastered, better than anyone in the business, the sharp, short, snappy, neat, tripping, flippant, Yankee manner of saying things. He can "jolly" or "guy" or "josh"—terms untranslatable because they express something unknown in the fun of any other country—better than any man on the stage. His methods are smooth and easy and quiet. His movements are rapid and graceful. His talk and his conduct are the exact reproduction of the young man, fairly well educated, who frequents the green-rooms and the popular cafes, knows all the latest slang, all the newest people, all the new stories and looks upon everybody older than himself as a fossil or as a pappy guy. He isn't exactly vulgar, but he's very, very near it. His elegance has the flash of saloon electricians about it. His grace has a trace of the posing of the song-and-dance artist or the champion challenge clog-man of the older days of the variety stage. He can't help that spin on one foot, which culminated in a pause at salute with one toepoint resting gracefully on the stage, a little back of the other foot, which used to be the acme of charm in the days when vaudeville was variety. Mr. Thomas has written Mr. Collier a Collier and a Thomas play. It is just as smart as the talk along the Rialto. It is full of the talk that is considered bright—and is bright—at a little round table dotted with little decanters and glasses. There's nothing coarse in it. It is what some of our Hebrew friends might designate as *chutspa*, eminently impudent, cheeky, pleasantly "fresh." That's the very atmosphere of Mr. Collier and so there is no dis-

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Heavy and Medium Weight Ribbed Wool, \$2.50, now	\$1.75
Heavy and Medium Weight Ribbed Wool, \$1.50, now	\$1.15
Heavy and Medium Weight Flat Wool, \$1.50, now	98c
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puting that he fills very effectively his role of the—well, of the polite picaresque in the social life of the gay boy. The whole thing is built up on the "good time" theory of life. There is not the faintest hint that there's anything in the world worth reverence or respect. The exceedingly jejune sportiveness is brilliant, but it is hard and, as such, is not altogether calculated to make one expand under the influence of the humor. The thing has lots of movement and smartness and it has just a suspicion of something worse than mere youthful sprightliness and carelessness. Mr. Collier carries off the honors in his own peculiar "nifty" fashion and the other people in the cast cannot, by any possibility, compete with his flea-hopping effectiveness. The show is a good one from start to finish, except that one is tired out with the effort to keep up with the amazing rattle of Mr. Collier's quips and quirks and innuendoes. The performance is worthy of study as an exposition of the quality of the humor of the Yankee young man who isn't quite a bad fellow, but is a little too "flip," who isn't quite a gentleman, but makes a passable "gent."

A SAVING QUERY.

At a dinner, on the yacht of a prominent member of New York society, an Englishman, who was present on Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht when he was entertaining King Edward, was discussing the accident which on that occasion seriously threatened the lives of all on board.

"People little know," he said, "how nearly England came to losing her king. It would have been impossible, had it come to the worst, to have saved all, and if it had become necessary to make a choice, whom should we have saved, the ladies of the party or the king?"

All were silent pondering the ethics and morals of the question. No one ventured to offer a solution of the difficulty. The continued silence began to be embarrassing, when a young American woman relieved the situation by proposing:

"Why not let God save the king?"—*New York Times.*

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THE ITS.

Last week the MIRROR reprinted, from the *Independent* of New York, Rev. C. W. de Lyons Nichols' article on the ultra fashionable world of the United States. Since then Dr. Nichols has given to the press his list of those in this country who, in a social sense, are really and truly "in it." The reverend gentleman made out his roster of the "smart set," as he modestly assured a reporter, "without presuming to assume the position of his late friend, Ward McAllister."

Without detracting anything from the social claims of those few named by Dr. Nichols the society people of many cities declared it incomplete, and politely hinted that Dr. Nichols' knowledge of the subject was limited. Some few persons of *ton*, in places like St. Louis, which city, by the way, is denied the possession of a single person who may be said to belong to the ultra-fashionables, have ventured to inquire "who is this Rev. Nichols anyhow?" The New York *Sun* supplies an answer to the pertinent question:

"The Rev. Charles Wilbur de Lyon Nichols is recalled as the picturesque, young assistant rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church, New York, who dodged serious charges, on which he was summoned before Bishop Potter, by sending a rambling letter stating that he had joined the Catholic church. He was thus no longer under Bishop Potter's jurisdiction, and, beyond communicating the facts to Archbishop Corrigan, the Episcopal church took no further action."

"Many of the policemen who served in the Tenderloin, and some of the frequenters of restaurants in that district, remember him as the man who wore a purple cord around his neck to which a silver crucifix was attached, and whose ecclesiastical dress was sometimes conspicuous because of his surroundings. He was a volunteer assistant at St. Luke's, receiving no compensation."

"After forsaking the Episcopal church he left New York suddenly. No social aspirant who has been omitted by the Rev. Mr. Nichols in his list has yet entered into controversy with him on the subject."

"Dr. Nichols said: 'Let me say, at the outset, that I am not such an ass as to consider myself the successor of my friend, the late Ward McAllister, nor do I consider myself to occupy, in any sense, the position which Mr. McAllister occupied in New York society. When he died he left no successor, and no one has assumed, in all the years since his death, to fill his place. I am in no sense a social arbiter, and while I have many friends in fashionable society, I would not, of my own knowledge alone, assume to say who were and who were not in fashionable society.'

"The conclusions at which I have arrived are based upon many talks with Mr. McAllister, many talks with the social leaders of to-day in the principal cities of the United States, and upon my own judgment of the fitness of things."

"Mr. McAllister, by a process of inclusion and exclusion, determined that there were 400 persons who might properly be considered to be in society in New York. I have looked further afield than he and have determined, if I may use so strong a word, the number of persons who may be considered to be in fashionable society in the United States. In order to arrive at any satisfactory result, the United States must be taken by principal cities, for it is there that we find American society. And this American society is a most formidable something or other."

"A social court has been established in

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THIS WEEK.

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Collier
IN
Augustus Thomas'
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On the
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this country as difficult to be presented to as any court in Europe. It is founded upon wealth, and only those of great wealth can be a part of that court or even aspire to a mere presentation.

"For the purposes of convenience I have divided the United States into sections represented by the cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco, the State of Virginia, the Carolinas and the city of Providence, R. I. In determining the fashionables in these cities I have considered families rather than individuals, and here is the result of my reflections and conclusions:

NEW YORK.

Mrs. William Astor,
Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor,
Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Wilson, Sr.,
R. T. Wilson, Jr.,
Mr. and Mrs. W. Orme Wilson,
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt,
Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.,
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt,
Reginald Vanderbilt,
William K. Vanderbilt,
Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.,
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt,
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt,
Mrs. Ogden Goellet,
Miss Goellet (May),
Mrs. Robert Goellet,
Robert Goellet,
Robert Walton Goellet,
Miss Goellet (Beatrice),
Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills,
Mrs. Frederick Bronson,
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Griscom (nee Bronson),
Mr. and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs,
Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs,
Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr.,
Mr. and Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont,
Mr. and Mrs. I. Townsend Burden,
The Misses Burden,
I. Townsend Burden, Jr., and William A. M. Burden,
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehr,
Mr. and Mrs. James P. Kernochan,
Mrs. Burke Roche and Miss Roche,
Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer,
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews,
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Parsons (nee Clews),
The Marquise Talleyrand-Perigord (nee Curtis),
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Brice and the Misses Brice,
Bishop Potter and the Misses Potter,
Mr. and Mrs. Heber R. Bishop, Miss Bishop and Heber R. Bishop, Jr.,
William C. Whitney,
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney,
Mr. and Mrs. Almeric Hugh Paget,
Payne Whitney,
Miss Randolph,
Mr. and Mrs. Prescott Lawrence,
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney J. Smith,
Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffer Tailer,
Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sorchan,
Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Warren,
Mrs. Pierre Lorillard,
Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish,
Miss Fish,
Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid,
Mr. and Mrs. Charles V. Alexander,
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhinelanders,
S. Nicholson Kane,
Mrs. Frederick Neilson (nee Gebhard),
Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin C. Porter,
Alphonse de Navarro,
Mr. and Mrs. Levi P. Morton,
The Misses Morton.

WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger,
Mrs. Richard Gambrill,
Mr. and Mrs. Reginald DeKoven,
General and Mrs. Frederick D. Grant.

PHILADELPHIA.

Miss Constance Biddle,
Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel,
Mr. and Mr. Joseph Widener,
Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Willing.

BOSTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cushing,
Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Honeywell,
The Codman family.

BALTIMORE.

The Bonaparte family,
Mr. and Mrs. Winans,
Mrs. Robert Garrett,

Robert Garrett,
William Morris.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mackey,
Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker,
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis.

CHICAGO.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer,
Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor.

VIRGINIA.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, Jr.,
(nee Crocker).

THE CAROLINAS.

Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones,
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Carter.

PROVIDENCE E.

The Gammell family,
The Goddard family,
The Nicholas Browns,
Mrs. Harold Brown.

"I have included in this list only those who are, so to speak, actively in society. Some persons characterize it as the very 'Smart Set.' There are other families in New York and the other cities of the country who are equally as well entitled to be considered in society as any I have mentioned, but who, on account of their tastes or lack of large means, cannot be included in the very smart set. As I said in the beginning, only persons of great wealth can be considered to be properly in the smart set of American society."

"Is it not possible for persons of old families, who are well bred and all the rest, to be in fashionable society in this country?" asked the reporter.

"Emphatically no. No person without extensive means can be in society. The very wealthy do not entertain poor persons, no matter how old their families or how well bred they are. You may notice, to change the subject from poverty to riches, that I have not included among the Boston smart set Mrs. 'Jack' Gardner. I have done this advisedly, because there are many in Boston who dispute her right to be included in the smart set there."

"Who is the real leader of New York society?" Dr. Nichols was asked.

"Mrs. William Astor, and there is no other. Mrs. Astor is not only the leader of society in New York, but she is the leader of society in the United States. She has a double portion of what might be considered social ability. She is able to harmonize the younger and more lively set of society; she is a person of good family and, moreover, she is a woman of wonderful tact."

"Who will be Mrs. Astor's successor?"

"None of the fashionable dames in New York, or elsewhere, would be fitted to take Mrs. Astor's place, but I think that, at Mrs. Astor's death, society will insist upon making Mrs. John Jacob Astor the social leader, whether she will or not. She is one of the most beautiful women in New York and is eminently fitted to take the place of her mother-in-law."

"In an article which you recently wrote for the *Independent* on 'The Ultra-Fashionable Set in American Society,' you said: 'Known to any habitue of Newport is a whole group of families of National repute, who have been serving approbation for years at Newport without being able to penetrate more than half-way into the inner circle, though aided and abetted by millions in hard cash.' 'Who are some of those families?'"

"Ah, I could not give names in answer to that question, but most of them are from New York and a few from New England. They have made little or no headway in Newport society, but their plight is not so

INTEMPERANCE

The Immune Treatment Effects a Permanent Cure.

The liquor habit is recognized by the Medical Fraternity as a disease. When a patient comes to us for treatment we diagnose his case just as thoroughly as any physician would in treating ordinary diseases. We attack the drink habit from the physical, not the mental, side. The great danger in the drink habit is that it weakens the will. When a man realizes that he must stop, he finds that he can't. We do not give him a new will. We take the whole subject out of the realm of the will altogether.

We treat the man's body—not his mind—and we treat it in such a way that he does not want to drink; the system refuses it; in fact, the mere thought of liquor is offensive and frequently nauseating.

During the last five or six years we have treated hundreds of young men in the employ of large firms here in St. Louis, and, having demonstrated to these firms that the cure is permanent and that there are no bad after effects, they not only give us permission to refer to them, but to send out copies of their letters as well. These, together with letters from a few of our patients, will be sent in plain envelopes upon request.

Indorsement of Ministers.

We, the undersigned ministers of the City of St. Louis, recognizing that persons treated for alcoholism object to the use of their names for the purpose of giving publicity to a treatment, however meritorious, and being satisfied from personal examination of testimonials of trustworthy men that Dr. Ozias Paquin's immunizing treatment is accomplishing great good and is curing unfortunates, many of whom had relapsed into drunkenness after taking other treatments, we earnestly recommend it to all sufferers from this dreadful scourge, and believe it a Christian act to lend our names, hoping it will partly serve to induce them to try this cure:

D. S. PHELAN, Editor Western Watchman.
JAMES THOMAS COFFEY,
Pastor of St. John's Church, Catholic.
J. P. T. INGRAHAM,
Rector of Grace Church, North St. Louis, Episcopal.
J. H. GARRISON,
Editor Christian Evangelist.
FRANK G. TYRRELL,
Pastor Mount Cabanne Christian Church.
W. B. PALMORE,
Editor St. Louis Christian Advocate.
MANLEY J. BREAKER,
Corresponding Secretary Board of Home and Foreign Missions of Missouri Baptist General Association.

J. C. ARMSTRONG,
Editor Central Baptist.
B. P. FULLERTON,
Pastor Lucas Ave. Cumberland Presbyterian Church.
NAPHTALI LUCCOCK,
Union M. E. Church.
JOHN T. M. JOHNSON,
Delmar Avenue Baptist Church.
ROBERT P. FARRIS,
Formerly Editor St. Louis Observer.
JOHN F. CANNON, FRANK W. SNEED,
Washington and Compton Aves. Presbyterian Church.
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ST. LOUIS, MO.

bad as that of those who have actually retrograded in the social scale.

"I recall one instance in particular which is really pitiful. A certain well known New York woman with plenty of money, a fine house on lower Fifth avenue and a good house in Newport, who, a few years ago, was received everywhere and had her invitations accepted, now has to have her invitations go begging. She is nowhere near as far up on the social ladder now as she was ten years ago.

"And that reminds me of a nice little dodge which some folks work in Newport. They are forever announcing receptions and teas and this and that function, and they give them, but beyond the mere announcement the public hears nothing more of them. They take very excellent care not to give out the list of those who attend their entertainment, for the very good reason that few of those invited are really present."

"Is the woman you speak of as having retrograded in the social scale a person about whose morals there is any question?"

"Oh, my; no! Her morals are most exemplary. No, her decline must not be attributed to anything like immorality. The chief reason for the retrograde movement, which she has unconsciously executed, is her unfortunate trifling with a certain name particularly high in New York society. For instance, she once gave a dinner to the principal member of the family bearing this name and invited to the dinner a number of persons living in the immediate vicinity of her guest of honor whom that guest had never before met. Such things will not do in society, as this woman has found out to her cost.

"There is one thing about American society which differs materially from the society of England, and the difference does not improve American society. There ought to be at the dinners of our social leaders many more clever people than we find now. In England the Duchess of So-and-So gives a dinner and invites to meet the very best people in England some of the cleverest professional people in the island. For instance, you will find sitting next door to a duchess or countess a clever literary man or a great singer or, maybe, a very great actor or actress. In this country there is nothing of that sort.

"One is in danger of social ostracism if he takes to writing, but, on the other hand, a portrait painter appears to be right in the swim. I noticed that the Hon. William C. Whitney gave a dinner, the other night, at which he departed materially from the customary selection of guests. He had, of course, the best people in New York, but he had also a number of professional folk. He had some musicians and some singers. They met at his table, as they do in England, on terms of absolute equality with the other guests, much to the delight, I have no doubt, of those who were endowed with simple wealth, rather than genius."

Hotel Monticello, overlooking Forest Park, elegantly equipped, perfect cuisine, unequalled comforts.

She: "And were you successful with your first case, doctor?" He: "Ye-ye-es. The—er—widow paid the bill."—*Tit-Bits.*

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

"The New Yorkers," the big, new musical comedy success, in which Mr. Dan Daly appears as the star and which will be presented at the Century theater, beginning Sunday evening, January 26th, is the work of Glen McDonough and George V. Hobart, the music by Ludwig Engländer. As the central figure of the characterizations, Mr. Dan Daly is said to have scored the most pronounced success of his career. "The New Yorkers" is reported to have more plot to it than is usual in a play of its type. Among other well known performers on the roster are: Wm. Cameron, Geo. A. Schiller, Thomas Evans, Rose Beaumont, Wm. Gould, Idalea Cotten, Carrie Perkins, Nick Long, Anna Laughlin and Frank Tannehill. Of course Mr. Daly has many special musical numbers and he scores in each as only he can, using his peculiar style of recitative singing to the very best advantage.

Beginning Sunday, January 26th, "The Strollers" will be the attraction at the Olympic theater. The piece is quoted as one of the season's foremost successes, exceptionally bright, funny and interesting, spiced with plenty of tuneful and catchy music. Prominent among the fun-makers are: John Henshaw, Eddie Foy, Marie George, D. L. Don, Josie DeWitt, Harry Fairleigh, Louise Lawton, Harry Stuart and Wilmer Bentley. The chorus of one hundred voices is said to be exceptionally well coached, the costuming and mounting splendid, the third act reaching a degree of unusual elaborateness.

"The Twentieth Century Maids" at the Standard, this week, are playing to large audiences. Mr. Morris in his German dialect work is making a "hit." There are a number of good-looking girls who sing and dance very prettily and, as a whole, the performance is exceptionally entertaining. "The Big Gaiety Extravaganza" is next week's offering.

The musical farce, "Mein Herzenfritz" presented at the Germania Theater, Sunday evening, was one of the most acceptable offerings Messrs. Heineman & Welb have ever produced. The musical numbers were rendered with a verve and vivaciousness that were very pleasing, as was attested by the hearty applause. "Die Beiden Reichenmuller," Wednesday evening's play, was equally well received. Sunday,

January 26th, Oscar Blumenthal's great play, "Der Schwarze Schleier" (The Black Veil) will be the attraction. Wednesday evening, January 29th, friends of Manager Victor Welb will have an opportunity of showing their appreciation of his and Mr. Heineman's efforts to popularize German plays by attending his benefit, on which occasion, the comedy, "Wie die Alten Sungen" (How the Old Sing) will be presented.

The exhilaration of swiftly gliding over the smooth surface of the ice still proves quite attractive to the crowds that nightly convene at the Ice Palace on Cook and Channing avenues.

**Stops the Cough
and works off the Cold.**

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No pay. Price 25 cents.

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**Foulard Twills, Satin Finished Foulards,
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All Exclusive Designs in prevailing fashionable colors.

The first shipments of our purchases of Imported and Domestic Foulards, for the Spring and Summer seasons of 1902, have been received and are now on sale.

There are about 75 styles, from the simplest polka spot to the most artistic multi-color effect.

They will meet the requirements of the most critical taste and the values will be found, on examination, to be exceptional;—the price range is

75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.35 per yard.

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DRY GOODS COMPANY.

CHORAL SYMPHONY.

The Choral Symphony's Society's fifth concert of the season takes place this evening at the Odeon. It is an artist concert. The soloist will be Julian Walker, basso.

The programme includes choice selections from Marschner, Handel, Bizet, Wagner, Chaminade, Schumann, Dix and Cowen.

The \$100 diamond solitaire rings we have just mounted in our own factory, where only expert designers and diamond setters are employed, are by far the best value ever offered. Mermod & Jaccard, Broadway and Locust.

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10 DAYS ONLY. JAN. 27th TO FEB. 6th



"THE KASIDAH."

BY LOUISE MCGAFFEY.

[The Rubaiyat "craze" seems in a fair way of dying out in this country, though, of course, the wise will always appreciate Omar sanely, at his true value, as they appreciate "Ecclesiastes." A book, however, that is of sterner stuff and of more courageous negation than the Rubaiyat has never largely "caught on" in this country, or in England either for that matter. That book is "The Kasidah." "The Kasidah" is worth, to the modern-minded, forty Rubaiyats. The editor of the MIRROR wrote for the MIRROR PAMPHLETS a sketch of Burton and a little critique on "The Kasidah," that is now out of print. Mr. Thomas B. Mosher has sold out two editions of "The Kasidah" and contemplates a third. So many letters have been received by the MIRROR asking for something about this famous poem that the article appended here is of especial timeliness.—Editor.]

About the middle of the century just ended, two mountain peaks of thought uprose from the sea of events that filled the world, dwarfing many a "holy hill" towards which men's minds had been accustomed to turn in unquestioning worship and obedience. These two were the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, which appeared in English dress, in 1861, and "The Kasidah," or couplets of Richard Burton, written in 1853, under the nom-de-plume of Haji Abdu el-Yezdi. The former voices the immortal longing and despair of the mortal mind, the latter, while purporting to be the accumulated wisdom of an Eastern sage is, in reality, the summing up of the conclusions of Richard Burton, after a lifetime spent in the pursuit of knowledge in nearly every clime under the sun, and among all kinds of people, wild as well as civilized. That these conclusions are not strictly orthodox no one will doubt who knows what manner of man the author was, but that they are drawn from universal sources, and from the well-springs of humanity cannot well be denied.

We are told that Richard Burton was steeped in Orientalism, and so he was to an extent achieved by no other of occidental race. But there was a Western accent to his Eastern habit of thought that all his wonderful genius could not disguise, and from a natural birth-chill in his blood came a hesitancy in entering upon certain phases of his theme where your true Oriental would walk serene. He himself, says, speaking of "The Kasidah" as a foreign production, that "the text has nowhere been translated verbatim; in fact, a familiar European turn has been given to many sentiments that were judged too Oriental."

From which it will be seen that Burton, with all his boldness and disregard of appearances was constrained to pay deference to Western conventions, outwardly at least.

He delighted in the subtleties of Eastern philosophies, and in "The Kasidah" he had a wide field before him. Its argument is a grand one; the most important that can engage the mind of man. It is the genesis of humanity from its rude beginnings up to its splendid noon; it is the destiny of the soul traced from its emergence out of one cloud of mystery to its disappearance into another. There is high debate in which fate and free-will, heaven and hell are terms to conjure with, while, marshaled by a master hand, the great religions and philosophies of the world pass by, each in turn delivering its message to be refuted or ignored.

In the Pantheon of Abdu El-Yezdi the Creed god has no niche assigned him—he is outlaid as the wooden image of the partial and incomplete. The Haji deals

in universals, and he finds that the God we worship is the superlative of an idealized humanity, that faith depends upon latitude and longitude, and that "mind itself is a word describing a special operation of matter." What would you with a sage, who throws facts to the winds, who seems to discredit the foundations upon which society, civilization, progress here, and happiness hereafter rest?

And yet the Haji is not an iconoclast. As an agnostic he prefers a suspension of judgment in regard to the power behind phenomena, and in that he is at one with much of modern scientific thought. And he declares with insistent voice that his object is not to tear down, but to build up. He would have the fabric of this mortal life so pure in proportion, so perfect in detail that the gods themselves might not disdain to dwell therein. He would have truth cultivated for its own sake, and not for what might be gained thereby. He would exalt the individual, and make self-improvement the first and main object in life. And in a world where absolute proof of any other cannot be had, he advocates perfect freedom from the shackles which custom, education and blind belief have imposed upon men from the beginning. He sees the race, released from the fear of hell on the one hand, and from the hope of heaven on the other, looking neither backward nor forward, with all its powers concentrated upon the little span allotted here, advancing toward a renovated and glorified humanity, the end and aim of creation, the Supreme Consummation of all.

To the orientalized mind of Abdu El-Yezdi this was a magnificent vision, but to Western thought it has a cloud-land aspect not provocative of confidence. And often in setting forth his peculiar tenets the Haji runs the risk of frightening the timid, as when he asserts that the moral sense, instead of being our first, is our latest acquisition, or, as he puts it:

Conscience was born when man had shed his fur, his tail, his pointed ears.

But perhaps the most startling of all is when he inveighs against repentance, which he affirms, was one of the forty-two deadly sins of the ancient Egyptians. His teaching is to consider well beforehand what you do, but the thing once done have no regrets about it. Thereafter it rests upon the knees of the gods, and is no further your concern. A handy belief if we could line up to it.

In every age there have been those who have sought to lift the veil of Isis and pry into the secrets of the Beyond, and the failure of those gone before is no deterrent to those coming after; humanity still seeks to solve the unsolvable. The methods adopted by different people in the working out of this problem are in accordance with their racial proclivities. The Oriental would gain his paradise on the wings of mystical dreams, while the occidental searcher tries to cut the Gordian knot with the shining blade of his logic alone. So far one is no more advanced than the other. Each has succeeded in piling up mountain chains of words and undecipherable terms, but the heart of the mystery remains untouched.

"The Kasidah" is a mine of wisdom and strange learning, clothed in sumptuous Eastern dress, and haloed with the splendor of immortal poesy. But what of its message to the world? For a message it seems to have; one strenuously insisted upon. Is it to shed new light on the dark pathway of man's destiny, to find the clue to the labyrinth of this mortal life? If such were the aim it is a futile one, for by its own terms we know only that we do not, and cannot know anything.

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The Mechanics' National Bank of St. Louis

STATEMENT

At Close of Business on the 31st December, 1901.

RESOURCES.

Discounts.....	\$ 4,316,370.80
Demand Loans.....	2,504,177.79
Overdrafts.....	3,773.69
United States Bonds.....	1,092,670.73
Other Bonds.....	266,148.61
Cash—	
On hand.....	\$2,881,138.03
With Banks.....	1,388,379.82
With Treasurer U. S.....	55,000.00
	4,324,517.85
	<u>\$12,507,659.47</u>

LIABILITIES.

Capital.....	\$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus.....	500,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	106,052.06
Dividends Unclaimed.....	20,530.25
Circulation.....	1,000,000.00
Deposits.....	9,881,077.16
	<u>\$12,507,659.47</u>

We have examined the above statement with the Books and Accounts of the Bank, and we certify it to be a correct statement of the condition of the Bank at the close of business on the 31st December, 1901. We counted the cash and verified all Securities.

JONES, CAESAR & CO.

(Chartered Accountants.)

St. Louis, Mo., 14th January, 1902.

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Louis Brewing Association.
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monwealth Trust Co.
ISAAC SCHWAB, President Schwab
Clothing Co.
POPE STURGEON, Assistant Cashier.

COMMUNICATIONS.

AN AUTHOR RESENTS.

"THE DEN," WYOMING, WIS.,
Jan. 13, 1901.

To the Editors of the Mirror:

GENTLEMEN: In your issue of Jan. 2, 1902, —under a misapprehension of the facts undoubtedly—you have charged me with plagiarism in the matter of copying Mr. Seton-Thompson's "Krag." My Story of "The Owl Creek Big Horn" was published one year, as I recall, prior to the appearance of "Krag" in *Scribner's*. I have asked *The Youth's Companion* to forward to your office a copy of the paper containing my big horn story. My acquaintance with the big game of North America is longer than and quite as intimate as that of Mr. Seton-Thompson, yet I do not yield to your opinions in admiration of his

work, save as it compares with my own, wherein I and others will differ with you decidedly.

As I am a professional story writer, such statements as you have made in your review are highly damaging, and I ask that you will print a full explanation of your error at once.

Yours respectfully,
Franklin Wells Calkins.

✻ ✻ ✻
MERCURY.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

A little child who was studying his mythology, the other day, asked me what was meant by the beautiful head of Mercury on the new building of the National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis. After viewing the matter from all sides, I was unable to answer him. Can you?

Yours truly, John Halifax.
St. Louis, Mo., January 16, 1902.

See the "Standard Dictionary," page

1109, second column, thus: "4 Rom. Myth [M.] The god of commerce: identified with the Greek Hermes. Mercury was honored with a yearly festival, May 15. He was the special patron of heralds and messengers of the corn-trade, of merchant-guilds and of thieves." Mercury is, therefore, the god of Commerce and an appropriate emblem for a Bank of Commerce. Plutus was the god of riches with the Greeks and he became, with the Romans, Pluto the king of Hades.

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OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I;
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not and I return no more.

—John J. Ingalls.



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if you'd grasp some of the money-saving chances of this Reduction Sale.

When Corporal Bunting, one of Lytton's quaint characters, wished to express approval of anyone or anything, he exclaimed: "Fit for the Forty-second." (His old regiment.) We likewise express approval of anything when we say "Fit for our customers." And it's only fabrics and tailors that we approve that we let into our store.

That is what guarantees to you that our reduced prices do not signify reduced quality.

That is what assures you that the 112 \$40 fancy suitings which we will make to your order only from Monday, Jan. 20, to Saturday, Jan. 25, for \$30 per suit, are \$40 suitings—will be made just exactly the same as if we were getting \$40 for each and every suit. Only 112 to be had.

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Cafe cars, meals a la carte, now being operated on all trains between Kansas City and Pueblo. Service and cuisine the very best.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Dullness and stagnation continue to reign in Wall street, and there is as yet no relief in sight. Trading is of a highly professional character, and fluctuations are narrow, if exception is made of some obscure or strongly concentrated issues. Stocks that the public is not interested in are now being moved up by supporting cliques, the intention being, of course, to influence the rest of the list and to bring about a sharp advance. So far, the trick had failed to work or to scare the bears into covering their short lines. Whenever prices rally a point or two, weary holders hasten to lighten their load, and this, of necessity, prevents any decided or lasting improvement. General conditions are, temporarily at least, in favor of the bull forces, but it seems that there is no outside demand for stocks at these prices, and that confidence in the stability of prevailing values is very slim. It is so well understood that cliques are holding large amounts of stocks which they are anxious to sell at higher prices, that prudent people are disposed to go slow and let somebody else do the buying. How long this state of affairs may continue cannot be readily determined. It is likely that the bull leaders will soon make another vigorous effort to rally the whole list and to attract the public. Should the United States Supreme Court, for instance, decide against the State of Minnesota, in the Northern Securities Company case, we will, undoubtedly, witness a buying movement of some kind. The bill of complaint will come up for argument on the 27th inst. Wall street authorities claim to have secret information that the case will be decided in favor of the company. This may be a mere "bluff," however. It cannot be denied that this litigation has deprived the market of a good deal of its former resiliency, as it endangers the community of interest plans. If, for instance, the U. S. Supreme Court should uphold the right of the State of Minnesota to file its bill in equity, and afterwards declare the Northern Securities Company an unlawful combination, all further plans of railroad amalgamation would have to be dropped, and stock market values suffer a serious relapse.

The bank statement, issued last Saturday, made a very good impression, as it brought surplus reserves up to more than \$19,000,000. There was also a moderate gain in loans, but this was offset again by a large increase in deposits and special holdings. At the present time, the New York Associated Banks are in a decidedly strong position. This has not as yet influenced the market, however. All good news seems to fall flat, and to be taken advantage of by liquidating holdings. There is little demand for funds, and interest rates are down to 3 and 4 per cent. Sterling exchange is also a little lower and there is a more optimistic feeling about gold exports. One must not be too certain, however, in this respect, as foreign money centers are still pulling for the yellow metal and exports from here may be resumed when least expected. The reduction in the discount rate of the Imperial Bank of Germany from 4 to 3½ per cent indicates a better feeling abroad, and it is to be expected that the Bank of England will likewise reduce its official rate on the 23d inst.

Foreign security markets continue to develop strength and activity. Rumors of peace negotiations in South Africa are also used to stimulate buying. British consols are strong, and slowly recovering, and the same may be said of other national securi-

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G. H. WALKER & CO.,

310 N. Fourth St., New Stock Exchange Building.

BONDS, STOCKS, GRAIN, COTTON.

Members—New York Stock Exchange,
St. Louis Stock Exchange,
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Direct
Private
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DEALERS IN

High Grade Investment Securities.

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JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

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Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

St. Louis Trust Co.

Capital and Surplus, \$5,000,000.00

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

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BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 3/4 - 103
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	109 - 110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	April 10, 1906	110 - 111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	June 25, 1907	102 3/4 - 103
" 4	A. O.	April 10, 1908	104 - 105 1/4
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec. 1, 1909	102 3/4 - 103
" 3 1/2	J. J.	July 1, 1911	111 - 112
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 - 105
" 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 - 106
" St. L. & N. 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 - 108
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107 1/2 - 108 1/2
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107 1/2 - 110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 - 110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104 - 105
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102 3/4 - 103

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104 1/4 - 105 1/4
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102 - 104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. & D.	June, 1920	104 - 106
" 4	A. O.	April 1, 1914	104 - 106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 - 103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	108 - 105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	104 - 105
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	105 - 106
" 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105 - 107
" 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104 - 106
" 3 1/2	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101 - 103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	77 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 - 102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	106 - 106 1/2
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	100 - 101
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 - 103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	95 - 100
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 - 101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mtg.	1928	105 1/2 - 106 1/2
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 1/2 - 109
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	115 1/2 - 116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112 1/2 - 113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 - 119
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s	1927	94 - 95
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 - 101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	92 1/2 - 93
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	95 - 100
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 92
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104 - 105
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 - 101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100 - 104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	303 - 307
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8 1/2 SA	220 - 222
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	263 - 265
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	265 - 266
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5 p.c. SA	303 - 304
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	180 - 190
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	333 - 338
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	775 - 825
International	100	Dec. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	167 - 175
Jefferson	100	Jan. 02, 4 p.c. SA	185 - 195
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	525 - 575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Dec. 1901, 3 qy	260 - 265
Merch.-Laclede	100	Dec. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	139 - 140
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1902, 1 1/4 SA	160 - 170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Dec. 1901, 2 1/2 qy	227 - 229
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	125 - 128
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	135 - 138
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110 - 115
State National	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	208 - 210
Taird National	100	Dec. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	239 1/2 - 240

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		179 - 180
Colonial	100	Forming	224 - 225
Lincoln	100	Sept. '01, 1 1/2 qy	288 - 290
Miss. Va.	100	Dec. '01, 2 1/2 qy	446 - 449
St. Louis	100	Dec. '01, 2 qy	379 - 380
Title Trust	100	Dec. '01, 1 1/2 qy	143 - 147
Union	100	Nov. '00, 8	435 - 437
Mercantile	100	Jan. '02, 1, Mo.	412 - 414
Missouri Trust	100		178 - 169
Ger. Trust Co.	100		213 - 214

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 1/2 - 103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109 - 111
Citizens' 20s 6s	J. & J.	Dec. '88
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N.	2 1905 105 - 107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 109 - 108 1/2
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 116 - 116 1/2
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 - 116 1/2
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105 - 106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98 - 103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98 - 103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100 - 101
St. L. & H. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103 - 107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100 3/4 - 101 1/4
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 102 - 103
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 102 - 103
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 104 1/2 - 105
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117 - 120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115 1/2 - 115 1/4
do Merimac Rv. 6s		1914
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 104 - 106
Southern 1st 6s	F. & A.	1909 106 - 108
do 2d 25s 6s	F. & A.	1916 107 - 108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	J. & D.	1918 121 - 122
U. D. 25s 6s	Oct. '01 1 1/2	85 - 85 1/2
United Ry's Pfd.	J. & J.	89 1/2 - 89 3/4
do 4 p.c. 50s		32 1/2 - 33 1/2
St. Louis Transit		

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	238 - 240

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	Oct. 1901, 1 1/2	29 - 30
" " Pfd	100	Oct. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	86 - 87
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	150 - 160
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '96, 2	2 - 4
Central Lead Co.	100	Dec. 1901, 1/2 MO	128 - 133
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. 1902, 1	18 - 21 1/2
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Dec. 1901, 1/2 MO	128 - 135
Granite Bi-Metal.	100		272 1/2 - 275
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	90 - 100
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	38 - 41
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901, A. 10.	110 - 115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901, SA 3 1/2	112 - 115
Laclede Gas, com	100	Sept. 1901, 2 p. c	90 - 93
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	Dec. 1901, SA 2 1/2	102 - 108
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		50 - 51
Mo. Edison com.	100		17 1/2 - 18
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Oct. '01, 1 1/2 qy	100 - 101
Schultz Belting	100	Oct. '01, qy 2 p. c.	97 - 101
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Mar., 1901, 6 A	167 - 171
Simmons do pf.	100	Aug. 1901, 3 1/2 SA	139 - 142
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Oct. 1901, 4 S. A.	140 - 145
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Sept. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	19 - 20 1/2
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 2 p. c.	66 - 68 1/2
St. L. Brew Com.	100	Jan., '99, 4 p. c.	61 - 63
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 4	5 - 25
St. L. Exposit'n.	100	Dec., '96, 2	2 1/2 - 3
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Oct. 1901, 1 qy	72 - 75
Union Dairy	100	Nov., '01, 2 qy	135 - 145
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct., '01, 2 qy	220 - 240
Westhaus Brake	50	June 1901, 7 1/2	175 - 180
" Coupler	Consolidated		50 - 51

ties in Europe. There is quite a little boom in Kaffir stocks, but conservative people believe that the thing is being overdone, and that actual peace negotiations should be awaited before advancing prices further. Some Kaffir stocks are already selling at the highest prices ever recorded and above the level of ante-bellum days. Several foreign governments contemplate new loans. Germany and Prussia will float a large amount of bonds in the next few days, and the British government will follow this up with a new issue of consols in March or April.

The recent course in our sterling exchange market is partly explained by the continued falling off in our exports and increases in our imports. For the month of December, our domestic exports exhibit a falling off of almost \$10,000,000. In the last four months of 1901, the total decrease in exports amounted to about \$36,000,000, while imports, strange to say, increased almost by the same sum. The exports of merchandise from New York, for last week, were valued at a little over \$9,000,000, which compares with \$12,400,000 for the corresponding week of 1901.

The bears made capital out of the issuance of \$30,000,000 of 4 per cent. debenture bonds by the Atchison R. R. Co. There is a good deal of unfavorable comment on the action of the directors. As could have been expected, the shares of the company depreciated quite sharply, the common dropping to 74 3/4 and the preferred to about 96 1/2. The adjustment 4s were also hammered down and sold in big blocks. Stockholders have reason to be uneasy about this sudden and unwarranted increase in capital stock, and the increase in fixed charges by \$1,200,000 per annum, after putting the preferred upon a 5 per cent. and the common on a 4 per cent. basis, in spite of the enormous deficit in the corn crop. The credit of the company will not be enhanced by such novel and dangerous financiering. It would have been much the better and wiser policy to accumulate a surplus, and to pay for improvements and new equipment out of current earnings. But it seems that the directors were anxious to pay dividends on the common stock in order to facilitate stock-jobbing and liquidation by insiders. There is \$102,000,000 of the common stock. A dividend of 4 per cent amounts to over \$4,000,000 per annum. Now what is the use and object of paying this dividend, and then increasing fixed charges by \$1,200,000 by the issuance of \$30,000,000 debenture 4s? The directors should explain; they have put themselves in a false light. By paying only, say, 4 per cent on the preferred stock, the company could have paid for improvement and equipment out of current earnings within the next four or five years.

There are rumors that the Union Pacific and Erie will also issue new bonds soon. Well, let them issue. They will be sorry for it a few years hence, and will not succeed in improving the status of their securities. The New York Central has fallen into line by increasing its

capital stock to \$150,000,000. The addition to capital will be \$35,000,000, half of which will be offered to shareholders immediately; the new stock will be sold at 125. The other half will be issued later on. Now, who is going to buy all this mass of new securities? Have they not issued enough? This new policy seems to indicate that railway managements are looking for decreasing earnings before long, and have arrived at the conclusion that, in order to make tolerably good showings, all extraordinary expenses will have to be capitalized. Whether they will be able to fool the intelligent investors by specious devices of this kind remains to be seen.

Speculators should keep close to shore in the next week or two. It is nothing but a trading market, with the tendency still downwards, but the manipulators will take advantage of anything coming their way to induce a sharp rally in active issues. It is a most uncertain, capricious market, one that the careful trader will keep out of.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There is not much to be said about the local market for stocks and bonds. Prices are generally lower. Buying demand is less in evidence and holders are more willing to let go. The impression is growing that the thing has been overdone and that prices are too high. The multiplication of trust companies is not looked upon with favor. It may have the same result that the building and loan association craze had about ten years ago. These trust company stocks are mostly bought for speculation; investors will not touch them at current quotations.

Germania Trust showed considerable activity and is selling at 213; Colonial is offered at 225; American Central is 179 bid, and Lincoln Trust is steady at 285. Missouri Trust is quiet at 169; there are still a good many bulls on this stock. Third National is firm at 238 bid, 240 asked, and State National is offered at 208.

Granite-Bimetallic is lower again. After rallying to 2.95, the stock relapsed to 2.80 again. Mining stocks are in little favor in the local market, and for very good reasons.

Transit is still weak, and selling at 32 1/4. United Railways preferred is offered at 85 3/4, and the 4 per cent bonds are weak at 89 1/2. Some attention is being paid to the efforts of the Municipal Street Railway Co. to secure a franchise to operate about 80 miles of streets in this city.

Investment demand for bonds is small. For this reason, the better class of securities show no improvement. Brokers expect a change for the better soon.

Money is abundant at the local banks. Sterling exchange is steady at 4.87 1/2. New York exchange is at a premium of about 30 cents.

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND PINE STREETS,

Has a choice lot of Municipal, Railroad and Corporation Bonds, bought primarily for its own investment, from which its customers are invited to make selections when wanting safe investments for their funds. Personal interviews solicited. Inquiries by mail given careful attention. List of bonds for sale mailed on application.

THE MECHANICS' NATIONAL.

The immense business of the South and West, tributary to St. Louis, makes it necessary that large amounts of money should be within easy call to meet the demands of the varied interests of commerce. To accomplish this purpose banking houses of unusual strength and solidity have been established in this city, and we now have the proud satisfaction of knowing that in all the country no more responsible houses for the transactions of the various details of banking exist.

Among the foremost of these financial concerns is the Mechanics' National Bank of St. Louis, located on the corner of Fourth and Pine streets. A statement of its condition at the close of business on the 31st December, 1901, has just been published. The figures set forth therein make quite a remarkable showing. Its total resources amount to the sum of \$12,507,659.47, of which \$2,881,138.03 is in cash in its own vaults, \$1,388,379.82 is with other banks, \$55,000.00 with the U. S. Treasurer, and nearly a million and a half in United States and other bonds. It has a capital of \$1,000,000.00, a surplus of \$500,000.00, undivided profits, \$106,052.06; circulation, \$1,000,000.00; and deposits amounting to \$9,881,077.16.

These figures are certified to by Jones, Caesar & Co., chartered accountants, who state that they have examined the statement with the books and accounts, counted the cash and verified the securities.

The list of the names of the men who compose the board of directors is a sufficient guarantee of the soundness of the bank, all of them being prominent St. Louisans and noted for sound judgment in financial affairs. They are Chas. H. Ackert, general manager Mobile & Ohio R. R. Co.; J. B. Desnoyers, president Desnoyers-Courtney Shoe Co.; James T. Drummond, D. R. Ferguson, B. B. Graham, James Green, Morris Glaser, R. R. Hutchinson, C. G. Knox, W. J. Kinsella, H. I. Miller, Henry Nicolaus, Chas. H. Turner and Isaac Schwab. R. R. Hutchinson is president and C. O. Austin, cashier, with Pope Sturgeon as assistant cashier.

This institution is recommended to all who wish to make deposits, either on call or time, or to do any of the thousand and one things that pertain to the business of an up-to-date banking house. Its officers and attaches are courteous and attentive, and all business entrusted to it will receive marked and conscientious care.

MET HIM SOCIALLY.

Marshall Field, the Chicago dry goods merchant, hurried into the barber's chair of the United express, on which he was a passenger. The barber, a negro, was aware of the identity of his distinguished patron. So he attended to the shave the merchant prince desired with all the skill and care at his command. He was rewarded with a substantial fee, and hastened to acquaint the other employes on the train with the fact.

"That Mist' Field is a mighty fine gem-man," he announced; "just as nice a man as you'd want to meet. I've often been in his store in Chicago, you know, but, of course, I neva met him socially befo'."—*New York Times.*

Mermod and Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Put the MIRROR on Your Reading List for 1902.

The Mirror

To Lovers of Literature.

When subscribing or renewing your subscription to any prominent newspaper, magazine or periodical, the *Mirror* requests you to consider a money-saving proposition. If you will send your order to the *Mirror* for any first-class publication, at the publisher's price, we will send you the *Mirror*, Free, for three months.

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Father,	Success, - - - - -	\$1.00
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Girls)	The Designer, - - - - -	1.00
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All subscriptions are for a full year. Magazines may be sent to one or several addresses. Foreign postage extra.		

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NOTE—Present subscribers to Review of Reviews or Current Literature can take advantage of our offers by adding \$1.00 for each renewal. In place of Review of Reviews we can send you Current Literature (new), Current History, Popular Science News (new), or New England Magazine. Critic or Arena may be substituted for Current Literature, New England Magazine or Review of Reviews.

	Our price		Our price
CURRENT HISTORY - - - - -	\$1.50	GREAT ROUND WORLD - - - - -	\$2.00
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SUCCESS - - - - -	1.00	SUCCESS - - - - -	1.00
		\$4.50 Our price	
		\$4.75 Personal checks accepted.	

NOTE—A New Subscription to the Review of Reviews, a New Subscription to Current Literature, and a new or renewal subscription to the New England Magazine may be substituted each for the other. The Cosmopolitan, Leslie's Monthly, Good Housekeeping, Designer, Household, Ledger Monthly, Pilgrim, and Bohemian may be substituted each for any other except Success. Critic or Arena may be substituted for Current Literature, New England Magazine or Review of Reviews.

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(The "Dollar-Magazines" from which you may choose, in combination with SUCCESS, are The Cosmopolitan, Leslie's Monthly, The Household, Good Housekeeping, and The Designer.)

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SUCCESS, and any one of above dollar magazines, - - - - -	\$2.00	\$1.50
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SUCCESS, { Review of Reviews (new), } and any two of above dollar magazines, - - - - -	6.00	3.00
{ or Current Literature (new), }		

OTHER ATTRACTIVE OFFERS

	Regular Price	Our Price
SUCCESS, and Leslie's Weekly - - - - -	5.00	2.75
SUCCESS, Review of Reviews (new), and Current Literature (new), - - - - -	6.50	3.00
SUCCESS, Current Literature (new), and New England Magazine, - - - - -	7.00	3.00
SUCCESS, The Review of Reviews (new) and Leslie's Weekly, - - - - -	7.50	3.75
SUCCESS, Review of Reviews (new), Current Literature (new), and New England Magazine, - - - - -	9.50	4.00

New subscriptions only will be accepted at the above prices for the Review of Reviews, Current Literature, and North American Review, but present subscribers may renew their subscriptions by adding One Dollar for each renewal subscription to the combination prices named. Either new or renewal subscriptions will be accepted for all other magazines named, including Success. A transfer from one member of a family to another does not constitute a new subscription.

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Current Literature, (new), - - - - -	3.00	
New England Magazine or any two of above dollar magazines may be substituted.		
North American Review (new), - - - - -	5.00	
Leslie's Weekly may be substituted.		

(These four magazines will keep you in constant touch with all the burning questions of the day.)

Don't forget, each of the above includes our special offer of 3 months' subscription to the MIRROR, FREE. In sending your order please state whether it is a new subscription or a renewal. If a clubbing offer, state where you saw advertisement and by what agency advertised.

Present subscribers to the MIRROR can procure the MIRROR PAMPHLETS for 6 months, FREE, or have the MIRROR sent to any friend, for 3 months, FREE.

Newsdealers and Postmasters are authorized to accept orders for the above combination offers. Send all orders to

The Mirror, ST. LOUIS, MO.

CRAWFORD'S

Our Last Grand Fling for 1902 at Our Left-Over Winter Goods. They Must Go
This Week. Going, Going, Gone by Saturday!

COLORED DRESS GOODS

The most beautiful lines of first-class goods ever shown in this city. We do not acknowledge any competition whatever in this popular department of our store!

- 38-inch Fancy Granite Mixtures, including green and blue colorings, silk effects, were 39c—Sale Price.....19c
- 36-inch All-Wool Cheviot Homespun, in grays, blues and Oxford effects, were 45c—Sale Price.....25c
- 54-inch Imported Scotch Homespun for Skirts, in tan, gray, blue and brown, all wool, were 98c—special value, Sale Price.....69c
- 45-inch All Pure Wool French Prunella Serge, were 89c—Sale Price.....49c
- 56-inch Extra Quality English Melton Cloth for Unlined Skirts, every thread fine wool, in castor, blue, gray and Oxford mixtures, were \$1.75—Sale Price.....\$1.29
- 54-inch Fine Quality Imported Twill Back Broadcloth, 30 shades in the assortment, were \$1.25—Sale Price.....89c

Shoe Department

SPECIALS.

During this week we will offer three special bargains in Shoes.

- Ladies' Hand-made Lace and Button, in light, medium or extended soles, not all sizes in every one, but can fit you. Worth \$3.00—for.....\$1.48
- Ladies' Patent Leather Lace or Vici Kid, light, medium or extended soles, most any style desired. These shoes are \$3.50 value—now.....\$1.98
- Ladies' Shoes in Box Calf Enamel, Patent Vici Kid, in all weight soles and heels. These shoes are \$4.00 grade—they go for.....\$2.98

Linens.

- 10 pieces 72-inch Cream Table Linen, good finish and good weight. The same Damask other stores show you for 50c a yard. Our price during this sale will be, per yard.....39c
- 18 pieces 66-inch Heavy Cream Table Damask, a magnificent fabric, imported to sell for 75c a yard. Special during this sale, per yard.....50c
- One lot of extra fine finished 72-inch Silver Bleached Satin Damasks, in beautiful and selected floral designs. These goods are marked to sell for \$1.25 per yard, but to keep the ball a-rolling, we have to cut them down to.....75c

Napkins.

- 100 dozen 20-inch German Dice Silver Bleached Table Napkins, always sold for \$1.25 per dozen—during this sale we run them out at, per dozen.....89c
- 50 dozen 20 inch All-Linen Half Bleached Table Napkins, in dice, floral and polka dot designs. Our regular \$1.75 Napkin—to make them move quick we will offer them during this sale at, per dozen.....\$1.50

Pattern Cloths.

- 100 pieces 8 4 Hemstitched Pattern Cloths, good weight and finish, regular price of these cloths is \$2—now at, per piece.....\$1.25
- 75 pieces 10-4 All-Linen German Dice Pattern Cloths, were always sold for \$2.00, but to close them out we have marked them down to, per piece.....\$1.25

Towels.

- 100 dozen 20x40-inch Bleached Huck Towels, in plain white and red border. These are our regular 17½c Towels—during this sale, per towel.....12½c
- 50 dozen extra size All-Linen Knotted Fringe Damask Towels, worth 35c apiece—during this sale we will offer them at, per towel.....23c

Bed Spreads.

- 1 case of Full Size White Hemmed Bed Spreads. These are the same spreads you pay \$1.00 at other stores—our price during this sale will be.....85c
- 75 Full Size White Crochet Bed Spreads. Extra good weight and finish, would be a corker to sell for \$1.25, but to make it still more interesting, we offer them during this sale at, per piece.....\$1.00

Men's Furnishings.

There are still some choice values in our Men's Department—reduced lines that were cleaned up during sale, have been replaced by even greater reductions.

- Shirts—Every Monarch Shirt in our stock is reduced to.....79c
- Nearly all of our \$1 lines, all good patterns and all sizes, cut to.....59c
- All of our fine \$1.50 and \$1.75 flannel Top Shirts, all sizes, good colors—Cleaning-Up price.....\$1.19
- Men's Fine \$1.25 Stiff Bosom Percale Shirts, the celebrated Majestic coat shirt—Sale Price.....79c

UNDERWEAR.

- Men's Extra Heavy Double-Breasted Camel's Hair Shirts, all sizes, worth \$1.25—Sale Price.....79c
- Men's Extra Heavy Sanitary Fleece Shirts only, all sizes—reduced from 50c to.....39c

DOMESTICS.

Below Mill Price.

- Unbleached Sheeting, 2¼ yards wide, full width; will bleach out quickly; were 15c a yard, now, a yard.....11½c
- 7-4 Bleached Sheeting, for single or three-quarter beds; heavy quality and full width; were 20c a yard, now, a yard.....15c
- Bleached Sheeting, 2 yards wide; a heavy round thread without dressing; were 22½c a yard, now, a yard.....17½c
- 42-inch wide Bleached Pillow Casing, without dressing; extra good quality, were 15c a yard, now, a yard.....10c
- Ready-made Bleached Pillow Cases, size 45x36; made of good medium-weight Pillow casing, without a particle of dressing; were 12½c each, now, each.....9c
- Ready-made Bleached Sheets, size 90x90, for full-size beds; made of good, heavy sheeting, without a particle of starch; were 69c each, now, each.....55c

D. CRAWFORD & CO.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

MEDICINE FOR THE POOR.

Medical attendance for ten cents a week is what is offered to the poor of New York City by a company which aims to combine money-making with philanthropy. If the plan is successful a new era has dawned for the poor of great cities.

Briefly the plan is this: For a weekly payment of ten cents, medical attendance for a family of two is furnished: for a family of from three to five the fee is twenty cents a week, and the maximum charge is thirty cents. Prescriptions, for subscribers only, are filled at a uniform rate of twenty cents each. The concern which has been started to carry out this scheme is capitalized at \$250,000 and is backed by men of experience and means. Dr. Josiah Strong, of the League for Social Service, is the vice-president, and bankers, ministers and insurance men compose the board of directors.

There are sixteen stations distributed over the city at which there are constantly in attendance two physicians, a matron and nurse and pharmacist. In connection with each station there is a thoroughly equipped drug store. Physicians have been selected with an idea of avoiding every possibility of its being charged that the medical attendance secured for ten cents a week is inferior to that which a family would get in the usual way. Patients are not, of course, compelled to attend the medical stations. A physician is constantly in attendance there, day and night, but his co-worker treats, at their home, patients who are not able to call at the station.

The fee of ten or twenty or thirty cents is collected weekly at the subscriber's home, or, if preferred, he may pay it monthly or yearly in advance. A surprisingly large number of families make their yearly payments of \$10.40 for a family of four, thus securing medical attendance for a whole year for less than a brief illness would ordinarily cost. The stations are distributed among the localities from which the company would naturally derive the larger part of its income; localities peopled, as a rule, by the poorer classes. So that a trip to one of the stations means no more effort than a journey to one's physician. It is clear that, if this plan is carried out on the lines projected and along which work is now being done, it will be a godsend to those that have heretofore been compelled to depend upon haphazard dosing with patent medicines, self-administered, or the services of none too competent physicians, upon whom they formerly relied.

A writer for the Indianapolis *Journal* way-laid one of the patrons of the East Broadway station as he emerged from the entrance and asked him what he thought of the scheme. "Well, I'll tell yer," he said. "A young feller comes around to me place, and gits the old woman to give him twenty cents a week. She don't tell me nothing about it, because she thought I'd have some kick to make about payin' out the money when nobody was sick. But when she gits laid up wit rheumatism the other day, she tells me to come around here and get the doctor. 'I ain't got no money,' I says. 'You don't need none,' she tells me; it's paid for already.' So the doctor he comes regular, and the dope costs me twenty cents. So I saves more on the old woman's rheumatism than she'll pay in a year at twenty cents a week. An' I ain't kicking at all. All the people where I live is in it. The wimmin is, anyhow." Another patron of the station, woman this time, told him that she had a

sick husband and child at home who were being treated by the "dispensary," as she called it, the doctor calling every day and the weekly cost of medicines being not more than sixty cents. The family was thus getting medical attendance and medicines, which would ordinarily cost at least \$7 a week, for a total outlay of eighty cents weekly. The presence of free dispensaries in the locality of the stations does not seem to affect the business done by the latter, the people, as a rule, having little confidence in the dispensaries, and preferring, in almost every case, the concern to which they have to pay something.

Of course the whole success of the scheme depends upon the income derived from the several stations in proportion to their cost, for each station must earn enough to pay two physicians, a matron, a pharmacist, rent, heat, light and for the stocking of the drug store, besides contributing a share to the expenses of the general offices.

The company is not inclined to give many details as to its affairs, but is safe to estimate that the expenses of each station are not far from \$135 a week. At one station in East Broadway there was a fairly steady stream of patients who came either for interviews or to have prescriptions compounded, and the visitor was told that the receipts that day had been about \$100. This, however, was an exceptional day, the average daily receipts being \$25. Adding the cost of the central executive office to the operating expenses of the station would still leave a good margin of profit. One reason why the company does not wish to give elaborate details of its affairs is that it intends shortly to branch out in other cities and does not wish to be forestalled by others in the same field.

The concern, the corporate name of which is the Provident Medical Company, has been investigated by the charity and health authorities of the city and State, and it is plain enough that the business men connected with it would not have given it the support of their money and their names if they had not been convinced that it was a practicable as well as worthy undertaking. There is no doubt that such an organization would do a vast amount of good in every large city, and, at the same time, if honestly and skillfully managed, make dividends for its stockholders.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

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The Imitator

An Anonymous Novel



HIS novel ran its course serially in the *Mirror* during the summer months of last year, attracting much attention because of the supreme cleverness of its style.

The novel is a very biting satire upon some of the follies of swell society, literary pretenders and theatrical celebrities.

Certain of its characters have been identified by those familiar with the *Four Hundred*, with contemporary letters and the drama as being mercilessly drawn after originals in the fields mentioned. Some affect to believe that the author has X-rayed in this book the character of the peculiar Harry Lehr, of the affable dilettante, Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor, of the strenuously different Richard Mansfield, but the reading public must determine that for itself.

The work is full of sound and brilliant criticism of life, music, art, letters, and some of the chapters in which the love story is developed are distinctly precious in treatment.

"THE IMITATOR" is a valuable "human document" showing the gayer world at its high tide of folly in the first year of the Twentieth Century.

PRICE \$1.25.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Publisher,

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SAINT LOUIS MO.

The Mirror

The Opening of a Town

SALE OF LOTS AT

Emmerson, Texas

Friday and Saturday, February 7th and 8th, 1902.

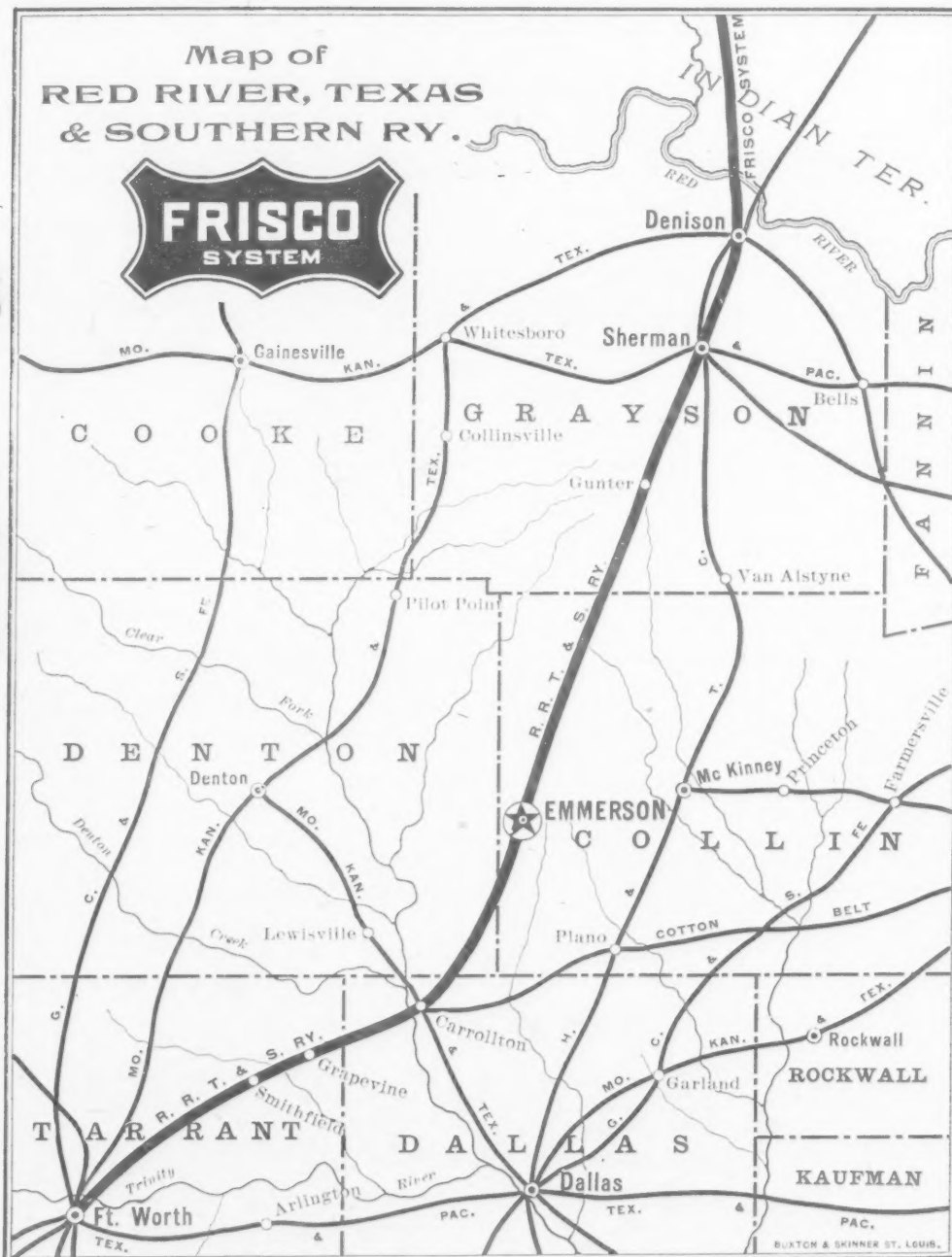
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**Tuesday,
Feb. 4th,
1902.**



**A Rare
Chance
FOR
Profitable
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Emmerson, Collin County, Texas, is located on the Red River, Texas & Southern Railway, an auxiliary line of the Frisco System, about midway between Sherman in Grayson County and Ft. Worth in Tarrant County, being thirty-seven miles Southwest from Sherman and thirty-six miles East of North from Fort Worth. It is about forty miles West from North of Dallas, in Dallas County. It will be seen by a glance at the map that Emmerson is located about midway on practically an air line between McKinney in Collin County and Denton in Denton County. The skeleton map shown above will enable investors or prospective purchasers to realize the commanding position occupied by Emmerson, its first-class railroad facilities and to form an opinion of its unquestionably prosperous future.

The first of the public auctions of town lots will take place under the auspices of the Black Land Townsite Company, on Friday, 7th, and Saturday, February 8th, 1902, at Emmerson. The lots will be sold at auction to the highest bidder, upon easy terms.

Cheap Rates will be in effect on Tuesday, February 4th, from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and other points, to Texas. This is an unusual opportunity for profitable investment.

All purchasers of real estate to the amount of five hundred dollars (\$500) or more may obtain refund of railroad fare paid, to any amount not exceeding thirty dollars (\$30), by presenting receipts for such fare to John Summerfield, General Agent, Black Land Townsite Company, American National Bank Building, Dallas, Texas.

For further information as to condition of soil, rates of fare, time of trains, etc., address

JOHN SUMMERFIELD,

General Agent Black Land Townsite Company, American National Bank Bldg.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

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